

# The Grail

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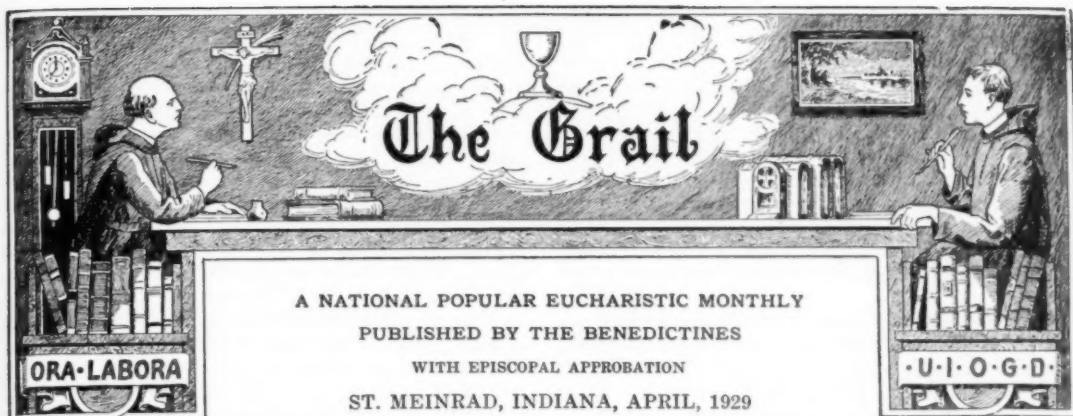
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Hofmann

IT BEHOVED CHRIST IN ALL THINGS TO BE LIKE  
UNTO HIS BRETHREN.—Heb. 2:17.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

### *IX—Pope Pius—XI*

The whole Catholic world grieved with Pope Pius IX when that saintly Pontiff was deprived of the "Patrimony of Peter," as the Papal States were called, in the September of 1870. Now that grief has turned to rejoicing with his fourth successor in the Chair of Peter, Pius XI, over the reconciliation that has been effected. In the treaty that was made in the final settlement between the Italian Government and the Vatican the Holy Father voluntarily renounced dominion with temporal power over the sovereign states that formerly were known as the Papal States, reserving in Rome for himself and for his successors only about 105 acres, or nearly one sixth of a square mile, on which the Vatican stands, although the Italian Government was willing to make much greater and more liberal concessions. The Holy Father wants no subjects, only sufficient territory to insure his sovereignty and absolute independence from any nation on the face of the globe. As the Pope is the head of an international church, a church which is of God, a church which is not subject to any nation in spiritual matters, he must necessarily be absolutely independent of any temporal sovereign. Vatican City, as the new Papal territory is now called, may be likened to the District of Columbia where the Capital of the United States is situated.

Ever since the House of Savoy took forceful possession of the Papal States nearly sixty years ago, the Pope has been a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican. From Pius IX to Pius XI no Pope has set foot in the streets of Rome or beyond. Thus the White Shepherd has constantly protested the infringement of his rights. By the signing of the treaty on Feb. 11, 1929, in the Vatican Palace, the House of Savoy made public reparation and has been received back into the arms of a loving and forgiving Father. It seems very auspicious that this happy termination of strained relations should have taken place only a few days after the seventh anniversary of the coronation of Pope Pius XI, now gloriously reigning, and that it should have fallen within the golden-jubilee year of his ordination.

To communicate to the Catholic world the joy of this latter event—his golden jubilee, the Holy Father promulgated on Jan. 6 an extraordinary jubilee year, which should close on Dec. 31. The faithful may gain the plenary indulgence of the jubilee, not once only, but a number of times, in fact, as often as they shall fulfill the conditions laid down: (1) six visits to the church (with prayer for the intentions of the Holy Father) or churches designated by the Bishop of the diocese; (2) two days of fast and abstinence on days on which fast and abstinence are not required by any other regulation or rule; (3) Confession and Communion, but the Confession and the Communion required for fulfilling the Easter duty will not suffice for gaining the Jubilee; (4) the giving of an alms. For this last condition the confessor should be asked. The Holy Father suggests the Propagation of the Faith, which is naturally dear to his heart.

In urging his spiritual children to make use of the graces offered, the Holy Father says: "We profoundly trust that all the faithful of Christ will now the more eagerly and freely avail themselves of these helps to salvation, so that private and public morals may be amended, faith may be given a new vigor, and the ardor of piety may be enkindled. For if the zeal for prayer, which We have often, even recently, commended, should take on a stronger life, there is nothing that could render to Ourselves and the Church a more powerful aid in these critical times in which we live."

### *Pio Nono and St. Meinrad Abbey*

Almost coincident with the taking of Rome in 1870 and the loss of his temporal power by Pope Pius IX was the signing of the document that raised the monastery of St. Meinrad from a priory to the rank of abbey and the naming of the first abbot, Martin Marty. The regaining of the temporal power fifty-eight years and five months later coincided with the seventy-fifth anniversary of the monastic foundation made at St. Meinrad.

The brief historical sketch of this foundation, which appeared in the March number of *THE GRAIL*, though

merely an outline and far from exhaustive, has called forth some favorable comment. The pen sketches of the log cabin that served as the dwelling place of the pioneers, and the view down over the group of buildings, which includes the monastery and the church, and showed also several dwellings in the valley below, are from photographs of original drawings that are preserved in the library at Einsiedeln Abbey. These were furnished us through the courtesy of the Father Librarian at Einsiedeln, our mother house in Switzerland.

The history of St. Meinrad Abbey from the beginning, which had been written from original sources, diaries, contact with the pioneers, etc., perished in the flames of the great fire that destroyed the Abbey in 1887.

God knows how to turn to good advantage the seeming evils that sometimes afflict man. Despite innumerable drawbacks from a worldly viewpoint He has abundantly blessed our foundation in many ways. He has made our institution a nursery whence He has drawn many zealous laborers for service in His vineyard. With hearts full of gratitude, then, we look back over the five and seventy years that have lapsed since monastic life began to pulsate on our humble mount and intone a solemn *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to Him for His ineffable goodness, mercy, and love. DEO GRATIAS!

## Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

### PASCHALTIDE

What a whirlwind of thought and feeling is ushered in by the great feast of Easter! The Catholic Church, the Bride of Christ, appears on the threshold of this new season, clothed in the superb splendor of liturgical joy and gladness—an exquisite creation, not of a leading French *modiste*, but of God the Holy Ghost. During Lent, while her Divine Spouse was suffering so much from human infidelity and pharisaical hatred, mortal agony and death, the Church mourned for Him and did her best to make His pain less bitter. Now, that He is triumphant, she participates in His triumph. And St. Gregory Nazianzen teaches us that we ought to make the sentiments of the Church our own, for he says: "Yesterday I suffered with Christ on His Cross; to-day I am glorified with Him. Yesterday I was buried with Him; to-day with Him I rise again." Indeed, "to feel with the Church" (*sentire cum ecclesia*) will not be difficult when we fully realize that the Holy Ghost makes liberal use of the sacred liturgy to carry on the work of sanctifying our souls. It is of importance, therefore, to our increase in holiness to benefit by the manifold

### TREASURES OF GRACE

bestowed through the liturgy. Paschaltide is essentially a season of grace; it is a time of indulgence and of

pardon. If, during Lent, the duty of bewailing our sins and doing penance for them was incumbent upon us, the coming of Easter brings us the assurance of mercy from above, the hope of our own future resurrection. This is the goal for which we strive, and thus Eastertide is the climax of the ecclesiastical life in its liturgical aspect. "If Christ be not risen again, your faith is vain," says St. Paul (1 Cor. 15). Rightly is the Paschal feast called the Solemnity of Solemnities. Since the day of the Resurrection of Christ from the tomb, the Sunday has replaced the ancient Jewish Sabbath as the day of foremost rank in the public worship of God. From Easter, too, the principal feasts in the Church calendar take their dates. Easter, then, may be looked upon as the center of the Christian week, the central feast of the Christian year, and the focusing point of Catholic worship.

### ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

So great is the spirit of gladness engendered by the yearly re-presentation of the mystery of the Resurrection that the Church has set aside a long liturgical period during which to reiterate her spiritual joy. St. Thomas tells us that God was made man (on Christmas) that we might be made partakers in the Godhead (on Easter). We rejoice now to behold the perfect carrying out of God's designs; we are exulting witnesses of Christ's victory over death and sin, and of our own timely withdrawal from the brink of the frowning precipice and reinstatement in the Divine favor. We acknowledge the Passover to signify for us the passage of Christ from death to life on Easter morn and that other passage from earth to heaven on Ascension Thursday; and at the same time we renew our determination to accomplish, with God's help, a spiritual passover in our souls—our own passing from sin to grace. This is the mind of the liturgy, this is the will of God: our sanctification. The *Oratio* (first oration) of the Mass for Low Sunday bears eloquent witness to this statement:

"Grant, we beseech Thee, O Almighty God, that we who have celebrated the Paschal solemnity may by Thy bounty show forth its effects in our life and conduct."

### The Lord is Risen

ANNE M. ROBINSON

In the light of Easter morn  
Wondrous lilies are reborn;  
Breaking from their winter sleep  
Into life, High Feast to keep.

Through the quiet early hour  
Mystic Light and sacred flower  
Bend before God's altar-throne,  
Where He waits to bless His own.

Hail to Thee, O risen Lord!  
Tune our hearts that in accord  
With Thy glorious victory,  
We may rise to reign with Thee.



## Oremus—Let Us Pray

*Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.*

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

ED ALLEN was having a friendly chat with Father Gilbert. When the conversation had come to a lull, Allen suddenly burst forth as if awakening out of a dream: "By the way, Father, I tuned in on the radio last night and I surely heard 'some' prayer. I couldn't get the minister's name nor the station but as to volume and feeling I repeat it was 'some' prayer."

Father Gilbert smiled in a knowing way. Finally he began slowly: "Translate that 'some' into dignified language and I shall tell you where you can find the real thing."

"I can guess where you will discover it," Allen replied. "No doubt it will be in the Mass."

"Your guess is right," was Father Gilbert's rejoinder. "Take the oration of the Mass and consider the circumstances in which it is said and you have real prayer. Call it 'some' prayer if you will."

"Don't blame me if I challenge you again, Father, as so often before," the visitor said by way of a friendly threat.

"I shall not wait for your challenge," Father Gilbert fired back. "In the first place, immediately after the 'Gloria,' the celebrant standing at the center of the altar inclines forward, kisses the place where the Holy Sacrifice is to be offered, turns toward the people, and with extended arms utters the wish: 'Dominus vobiscum—the Lord be with you,' and then again joins his hands."

"Father," Allen ventured to ask after moving his chair up somewhat closer, "you always assign meanings to ceremonies. Are there any such here?"

"You hint at these explanations as though they were my inventions," Father Gilbert said gruffly. "Of course, you think that I am a little grouchy to-day, eh?"

"No, no! Father," the inquirer smiled assuringly, "that's the salt and pepper. A little spice is palatable now and then."

Father Gilbert was evidently pleased at the reply. So, with his face lighting up, he went on: "Each of those circumstances has its particular object and deserves our special attention. It is from the holiest part of the altar, the center, that this benediction is pronounced, and from the center, too, heavenly graces flow in the greatest abundance."

"He bends to the altar because he is destined to impart a blessing to others, and hence must

first draw down by humility the blessing he is to communicate.

"He kisses the altar which is the emblem, nay the very throne of Jesus Christ. He, therefore, expresses his longing desire to draw from the fountain of the Savior which springeth up unto life everlasting.

"He turns to the people because this prayer is a salutation far more solid and sincere than those empty and meaningless congratulations which are ever upon the lips of wordlings. This manner of greeting in social life is the natural expression of warm and unfeigned affection. It is particularly suited to the minister of the altar who acts in the name of Jesus Christ and of the Church. On the one hand, he represents the Church, and as such sustains in this holy function the enduring character of the Father of the congregation; and, on the other, he impersonates Christ, the loving Shepherd who died on the cross with outstretched arms as a token of his readiness to embrace all truly penitent sinners.

"He joins hands again to indicate the union



AT THE "OREMUS"

of charity which binds all hearts together with that of Jesus in the same manner as He forms one body with the members of His Church.

"Now as to the greeting, 'The Lord be with you,' it is ordinarily an expression of peace—from the fulness of my heart I wish you the abundance of the gifts of God—but here it is something more. According to Gueranger it is an urgent invitation to recollection, for the minister of God seems to say: 'Be very attentive because what follows is of the greatest importance. I am now speaking to you in the name of Christ. May the spirit of God rest upon you during this time of prayer, the spirit of fervor and piety, of compunction and repentance, of fear and zeal, of humility and confidence. We know not what to request but may the Holy Ghost help our infirmity and ask for us with unspeakable groans.'"

"Father," Allen broke in quite abruptly and impatiently, "when the Bishop was here, I heard him sing one time 'Pax vobis,' which, according to my meager knowledge of Latin, I should translate, 'peace be to you.'"

"Bravo! You get a hundred per cent on that recitation, Ed," the pastor complimented. Noticing Allen's sunny face, he proceeded: "Yes, on days when the 'Gloria' is recited, Bishops do not say 'Dominus vobiscum' here but, 'Pax vobis.' This practice dates back to the time when the bishops alone said the 'Gloria.' The burden of the 'Gloria' is peace. Later on when the priests, too, received the general privilege of the 'Gloria,' they remained with their usual greeting, 'Dominus vobiscum.' The formula, 'Pax vobis,' has a certain preference over the other, not as to its contents, but rather owing to the fact that this greeting was so often on the lips of the Lord. The Greeks indiscriminately say: 'Peace be to all.' However, the wish for salvation and blessing for time and eternity is essentially also comprised in the 'Dominus vobiscum,' for where the Lord is, there is also His peace."

"Of course, Father," Allen remarked teasingly, "you are forgetting that the server answers, 'Et cum spiritu tuo—and with Thy spirit.' My little Latin is handy here again."

"I am not forgetting," the pastor replied by way of vindication. "This answer is really a Hebraism. When the Jews want to say, 'with you,' they frequently say, 'with your soul,' or 'with your spirit.' Hence the response implies: 'May the Lord be also with you whilst you are offering our prayers.' This exchange of holy affections, which takes place repeatedly between priest and people during the Mass, excites devotion and teaches us that we should desire above all things to remain always in the peace of God."

"Father, pardon my mischief," the guest

nagged roguishly, "but I believe that you are now overlooking the fact that we started with 'some prayer'."

"Don't let your notions run away with you. We are coming to the prayer right now. When the priest has greeted the people he returns to the epistle side of the altar and from the missal, with arms extended, he reads the so-called collects or the prayers of the day. He begins these with the invitation: 'Oremus—let us pray.' He thus asks the people to join him in his prayers. He prays with extended arms in imitation of Moses who prayed in this manner upon the mountain whilst the children of Israel were contending on the plain with the Amalecites. He reminds them that by uniting their prayers with his they must prop up his arms as the Jews did to Moses on this occasion. Besides, this was the attitude of prayer of the early Christians. Churches were devoid of pews or seats and a sitting posture was discouraged as incongruous with the Divine Presence. The aged and feeble were allowed staves on which to lean and rarely cushions on which to

### *Steps to the Altar*

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

#### *28. Priest and Victim*

The Chalice of the Lord I've drunk,  
Tasted its bitter-sweetness rare,  
Fresh from His Wounds it hath flowed clear  
And in the golden Grail-cup sunk.

For me Christ to His Cross was riven;  
I feel my faltering mind enwound  
All with His thoughtful love around;  
Yet more than love—His life He's given.

I've thought of Him and preached of Him  
Through many a rising, falling year;  
My love—a flickering flame, I fear—  
Has been time without number dim.

Oh, Mary! be my Advocate,  
That all these fitful things have end;  
My days, my life, I long to spend  
Within the cloister's good estate.

For every palm tree rooted there  
Bears fruit of double Christian worth;—  
Within yon Benedictine garth  
Well-nigh each breath can be a prayer!

"Follow thou thus the Lamb of God,  
Who called the Twelve to hillside rest,  
Summoned the Three to Tabor's crest,—  
And live and die on sacred sod."

sit. The rubrical posture for Sunday was to stand and for weekday—at least later on—to kneel. A further proof that this prayer is not the prayer of an individual is found in the fact that the priest prays the oration aloud. Hence, whilst the faithful are not supposed to drown the priest out they should follow step by step at least mentally. In the so-called recitation Mass they pronounce the prayer aloud simultaneously with the priest. The admonition then, 'Oremus—let us pray,' is intended for the whole congregation who are to say the prayer in behalf of all the people. Even if the priest alone should pronounce the words, the mind and the heart of the people should pray with him."

"Now comes the prayer proper, I am sure," Allen interrupted somewhat eagerly.

"Just a little patience, Ed," was the chiding reply. "Sometimes, as we notice even to-day on the Ember Saturdays, the deacon would announce in a loud voice what posture was to be taken by the faithful who were present at the Mass. Thus, after the 'Oremus,' he was wont to chant: 'Flectamus genua—let us kneel.' Then, after the faithful had knelt for some time in silent prayer, he called out: 'Levate—arise.' The subdeacon gives the latter admonition now on the Saturdays of Ember week. At other times the deacon said: 'Erecti simus honeste—let us stand up becomingly.' Then there was another exhortation, which we still retain on the weekday Masses of Lent: 'Humiliate capita vestra Deo—bow your heads before God.' Now the prayer or collect is in order."

"Goodie! goodie!" Bobby would say."

"I am going to anticipate one question of yours and that pertains to the word 'collect.'"

Allen laughed heartily adding: "Father, you surely know me."

"Sometime ago I explained to you that in the early days of Christianity the Roman Christians often collected or gathered at a certain church by appointment. After a public prayer had been offered, they marched in procession to another church where they halted for the celebration of holy Mass. This latter church was called the *station* or *station church*, for station means a standing or a halting."

"Sure, Father, I haven't forgotten that explanation."

"Very well, that initial prayer said at the station was called in Latin: 'Oratio ad collectam'—which means?"

"Oration at the collection," Allen whispered almost beneath his breath."

"If, by 'collection,' you mean the gathering of the money, you are far from the point. If your translation signifies the oration or prayer said at the collection or the gathering of the people you have sensed the meaning."

"Yes, Father, I accept the latter signification," remarked the man with a cunning smile playing about his lips.

"No! no! you haven't a hundred per cent coming this time. You needed prompting. This, then, is the historical meaning of the word 'collect,' namely the prayer said over the people before they set out on their march. But since this prayer was generally repeated on arriving at the station church, this first solemn prayer after the 'Kyrie'—or litany, as it was known—and after the hymn—the 'Gloria'—it was still called 'collect.' Other meanings have also been attached to this term: a collection of the petitions of the faithful into one prayer; a brief summary or abridgment of all their requests."

Father Gilbert made a momentary pause. Allen, however, urged: "Please, Father, go on, tell me some more in regard to this oration or collect."

"Well, this collect is one of the principal and most solemn prayers of the Holy Sacrifice. It is preeminently the prayer of the Church, the prayer of petition for the peculiar grace of the day."

"What do you mean by the peculiar grace of the day, Father?"

"Why, the grace that has reference to the feast or mystery of the day. Thus, for instance at Easter, the grace to rise with Jesus Christ; at the Ascension, the grace to dwell with Him in spirit in Heaven; on the feast of a saint, the grace to follow that saint in the virtues in which he especially excelled."

"I want to add right here that these collects, particularly the most ancient ones, are really masterpieces from the viewpoint of their structure, the harmonious flow of their phrases, their penetrating unction, and the profound doctrine which they contain. We sometimes employ the maxim: 'Lex orandi, lex credendi'—the rule of prayer is the rule of faith.' In these prayers this axiom is certainly verified."

"Probably you are tempted to ask me as to the composition of these orations or collects. Well, they are composed of three parts: praise, petition, and obsecration. The first is either an expression of praise offered to God or a short exposition of the mystery of the day; the second expresses an ardent wish in harmony with the same mystery; the third part, the conclusion, is an obsecration or an earnest supplication in which the Church appeals to the merits of Jesus Christ, her Divine Head. This conclusion varies accordingly as the oration is addressed to God the Father, or to God the Son."

"How is it, Father, that you do not even mention the Holy Ghost?"

"Ed, are you alarmed? Do you fear that the Church has ceased to be orthodox? I will explain. The fact of the matter is that most ora-

tions or collects—all the ancient ones—are directed to the Father. A few of the more recent ones are addressed to the Son. One famous one of this kind is that composed by St. Thomas for the feast of Corpus Christi.\* No prayer in the Roman liturgy appeals directly to the Holy Ghost. Some extralitururgical prayers are directed to Him."

"I can't understand such discrimination, Father," Allen remarked with a wrinkle on his brow.

"The Church generally asks the Father in Christ's name, according to the words of the Savior: 'If you ask the Father anything in my name, He will give it to you.'"

"Is then this prayer always said in Christ's name?"

"It is. Don't you ever notice the closing words of these orations: 'Per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum—through Jesus Christ our Lord?'"

"O yes, I do now. I should have thought of that before."

"These words," Father Gilbert went on, "declare Christ to be the only mediator through Whose divine merits we have hope of having our petitions heard. When the priest pronounces these words, he bows to the crucifix on the altar. He thus gives reverence to this Divine Mediator who is there represented in figure and is thereby recalled to the priest's mind."

"There goes the clock. I am glad that I am beyond the curfew age," Allen said playfully.

"Never mind. We have come to the 'Amen'—"

"Which means the end," the caller supplemented with a nod of the head.

"In slang, yes," Father Gilbert corrected. "'Amen' is a Hebrew word of which Cardinal Bona says: 'It is one of those terms which the translators have left untouched lest any wresting of it from the original Hebrew might impair its beauty and force.'"

"That doesn't explain it as yet."

"This will though. The word has two principal meanings; it denotes the general assent of belief: 'yes, it is so; I believe it; you are right.' With your slang you might be tempted to express it by 'I say so.'"

Allen began to snicker.

"In the second sense it has a deprecatory meaning; it expresses a wish of fervent desire: may it be so. In this signification the 'Amen' approves and ratifies the prayer of the

priest. The people say as it were: 'We have the same wish as you.'"

"There is something else, Father."

"What's that?"

"On some Sundays the choir answers one 'Amen' and on other Sundays two after these prayers, orations, or collects, as you call them."

"Yes, I am glad that you noticed this difference. For some centuries there was hardly ever more than one collect or oration at Mass and hence only one 'Amen.' In later times on minor feasts, and especially on ferial days—when no particular feast fell, there might be more orations but only one additional conclusion, that is, with only a second 'Amen.'"

"That fully clears up my difficulty, Father," Allen assured with evident satisfaction. "What's that? Is it thundering?"

"Well, what of it?" Father Gilbert asked in an indifferent tone. Then, holding up his finger, he added quite impulsively, "That reminds me of St. Jerome's description of the Roman 'Amen.' He says: 'The Roman basilicas resounded with the 'Amen' as though there were a heavenly thunder.'"

"Father, there is another rumbling. I am going even if you explain this as a merely earthly thunder."

Father Gilbert smiled good-naturedly. The next moment Allen was out of sight.

No force in nature is so impelling as the drawing power of our Eucharistic Lord.

### Good Confession

R. F. LEON

God be praised for the wonder He wrought here to-day  
In the soul of this "penitent thief,"  
Where the bolt of His grace broke the idols of clay  
And brought vice into shamefaced relief.

As the look of the Savior on Calvary's crest  
Loosed the fetters of Dismas for aye,  
So the lancet of grief pricks the penitent's breast  
And repairs his transgressions to-day.

Of the evil-famed temple once sheltering sin  
Not a smouldering vestige remains:  
Peace of spirit is writ both without and within  
On the man who God's friendship regains.

### Easter Lilies

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

Lilies tell the story,  
If men would but heed,  
From the tomb comes glory,  
Beauty from the seed.

\* NOTE:—O God, who in this wonderful Sacrament hast left us a memorial of Thy passion, grant us, we beseech Thee, so to venerate the sacred mysteries of Thy Body that we may constantly experience in ourselves the fruits of Thy Redemption. Who livest and reignest with God the Father in the unity of the Holy Ghost world without end. Amen.



## The House of the Three Larches

A Tale of Old Switzerland, by Maurus Carnot, O. S. B. Translated and Adapted by

MARY E. MANNIX

### CHAPTER 7—HOME AGAIN

**T**HEN Johanna began to wonder how soon Korsin's freedom would be given him, and by whom. Leaving her chamber, she went into the courtyard. There, in front of the house, Ferdinand von Maltitz was standing—and with him two of his own company. They were engaged in conversation, and Johanna felt convinced that with them, Ferdinand himself was about to liberate the prisoner.

She was right. Before many moments had passed, the three men set out in the direction of the prison. The commissary was astounded at the new phase of affairs, and even attempted to remonstrate. But von Maltitz silenced him with a gesture, and he retired to the corridor muttering: "Well, no blame can rest upon my head for this. Never shall I be a party to releasing that fiery rebel from his dungeon. Never shall these hands assist in unchaining him. Herr von Maltitz, you will rue this day."

But at an imperious call from von Maltitz, he hurried forward. "Lead on," said Ferdinand, and Leopold led the way. Von Maltitz followed him down the dark stone steps, and was the first to cross the threshold of the dungeon. By the light of the solitary candle which Leopold carried, he could see the powerful figure of the prisoner seated on a low stool, his head leaning against the wall, his fettered hands resting upon his knees. At the words, "Korsin von Laret," spoken by von Maltitz, he stood up and faced his visitors.

"You are free," continued the young man. "Unfasten his chains. Take off the handcuffs!"

Korsin said not a word. "Do you understand Samnauner? You may go. And you may thank me for your liberty."

"As I thank you for my imprisonment."

"How is that, Samnauner?"

"If you had not shot at the Chamois, I would not have done the work that put me here."

"Well, well, however that may be, all is past now and forgotten. Go at once, in three hours you will be home in Samnaun. The people are good here; they rejoice that you are free, and that I have been the instrument of your liberty."

Korsin von Laret shook his head incredulously. "I can not understand it," he said. "A Maltitz doing a friendly act towards a Samnauner?"

"Well, then, if you must know the truth, a Maltitz never would have done it had it not been at the intercession of his affianced bride, the daughter of the innkeeper who begged this favor towards the man who insulted the Emperor on this our betrothal day, when I could refuse her nothing."

Ferdinand had scarcely begun his last speech, before he realized that he was in a measure proving false to the compact between himself and Johanna, by informing Korsin of their betrothal. The news should have come from someone else, particularly since Korsin had been her lover. But the bearing of the young man had called forth the words; it had angered him, and he excused himself with the thought that it might not be very long before the betrothal contract would be broken, and Korsin enlightened by Johanna as to its real significance.

As von Maltitz spoke, Korsin turned white as death, then the blood mounted to his cheeks and forehead in a dark, throbbing crimson wave. Whatever his thoughts, he uttered no word either of thanks or deprecation, but stretching himself to his full height, he put forth his hands to be loosed from their chains. They fell from wrists and ankles; straight and tall, lithe and active he looked, but he felt as though a mountain had fallen upon his heart.

"Safe journey," said von Maltitz, as Korsin stepped forward.

Korsin took his hat from the stone bench, put it on his head and said proudly. "*Auf Wiedersehen!* Perhaps at another time and in another place where I shall not be at such disadvantage."

He passed from their sight, and mounted the stone stairs, having thanked no man for the freedom so dearly purchased. With quick, light steps he took his way along the road, never looking in the direction of the Inn, anxious only to leave Pfunds as far behind him as possible. When he reached the brook, he leaned over, dipped his hand in the water, bathed his burning forehead, and again stooping, took more water and drank eagerly. He glanced towards the setting sun; it was already far down the horizon; it would be long after nightfall before he could reach home. Suddenly his soul craved rest; he wanted to be alone, to think, to collect his scattered senses, to face the dreadful prospect that confronted him; then it was that he bethought him of the executioner's lonely

farm. There he would meet no one, there his reflections would not be interrupted. All was so quiet in that spot, forsaken like himself. He knew the executioner would be in Pfunds, he had seen him there that morning, and by that desolate place a footstep seldom passed.

When he reached the lonely farm in the forest, he sat down under a pine tree that grew on a grassy bank, took the bread his mother had given him from his pocket, and broke it into small pieces. Not far from the house, two little girls stood near a well; as soon as they saw him they ran inside. In a moment a kindly faced woman appeared at the door and looked at him. Korsin felt hungry.

"Good evening," he called out in a friendly tone. "Can you let me have a small pitcher of milk?"

"Good evening," she replied. "Yes, with pleasure."

Presently the good woman was standing beside him, a pitcher of milk in her hand; while the two little girls clung fast to her gown. He drank the milk eagerly; handing the empty jug to one of the children with a smile, he said:

"I am a Samnauner, on my way homeward; fain would I rest here for an hour before continuing my journey."

"Will you not come into the house?" asked the woman.

"No, good Frau," he replied, "I would rather remain here."

"Ah! no one wishes to enter the executioner's dwelling," replied the woman with a sigh.

"That is not it. I have no fear of ill luck from that," said Korsin, kindly. "I am weary and sad and I wish to be alone. I think I may be able to sleep a while under the trees."

He handed the woman a piece of silver, gave each of the little girls a penny; thanking him heartily, they went back to the house. For a few moments his eyes followed their retreating forms. As he sat there looking after them he heard the sound of a man's footsteps approaching; he carried a pick and shovel:

"Good evening, my friend," he said, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "I have just been cheated of a job, I had already dug the grave when word came from the town that it would not be needed, that the fellow had been pardoned."

"What fellow?" inquired Korsin.

"They say a Samnauner who had insulted his Majesty's standard, pierced the heart of the eagle with his bow. For myself I have no preference, I do not care whether eagle or chamois is on top, and those Samnauner boys are brave, one cannot deny it."

He passed on; Korsin shuddered, a grave had been dug for him, but he felt at that moment, in his misery and indignation, that he

would rather be lying in the cold earth after an ignominious death, than to have lost faith in the woman he had so deeply loved.

And now Korsin was alone. Alone with his racking, bewildering thoughts. He could no longer restrain them, they flew to his burning lips. "It was about the neck of a traitress that you fastened your silver chain," he murmured. "You have snatched the Samnauner rose from your hat and thrown it in the dust of the Tyrol. Go home, go home to the village in the valley, to the grave of your father. It is there that you belong. Faithless to your own land you would have left your heart in that of the stranger. But your happy rival has taught you what you failed to see. Yes, so it is. So it is. Poor Korsin!"

For a long time he sat lost in these bitter thoughts. At length, tired and exhausted, he fell asleep, his head leaning against the trunk of the pine. Dark and frightful dreams pervaded his slumbers; at last he awoke, opened his eyes and exclaimed:

"I thought I was dead. But no, this is not the graveyard—I am still alive."

As he left the forest and passed to the highway, he saw a company of horsemen in the distance. It was Maltitz and his retainers, returning to Raunders. He could see the fluttering banner, but it did not seem to be torn; no doubt Johanna's hand had repaired the wound his arrow had made in the eagle's breast. Poor Korsin, he could not bear to look upon the glittering spectacle; he left the road, walking along by the edge of the forest.

After some time he came to a little running brook that suddenly appeared among the trees. It was an ideal spot; the tired traveller sank down beside it. Again he rested, watching the setting sun as it jeweled the glaciers of the "Piz Mondin," while the twilight gathered and broadened. Why was he so unaccountably sleepy? It was because grief and disappointment had benumbed his soul. Stretching himself on the grass he slept again; slept till the cry of the night owl, that long doleful cry, awakened him, and made him spring to his feet. Passing his hand over his forehead, scarce conscious of where he was, or what he was doing, Korsin began to stumble along once more through the forest.

The wind murmured amid the trees, broken branches cracked under his feet. In a short time he had passed the boundary line, crossed the brook at Zanders, and was once more on his native earth.

He shivered in the cold night air. In a few moments he could see the lights twinkling in the houses of the village.

"God be thanked," he murmured. "I am

home again." And with swift, light steps he crossed the meadows to his own house.

All was dark in Pistor's little room, but in the house a candle was still burning. Hector, poor dog—he had forgotten all about him—sprang to meet his belated master. Korsin patted him on the head as his mother opened the door. He tried to answer the question in her eyes with a smile. It was a relief to turn to his sister, who anxiously inquired why Hector had reached home so long before him. What had happened? Korsin laughed, and turned to the dog.

"Well, Hector, you ran away from me," he said. If the dog could have spoken, he would have answered:

"After they put you in the tower, the boys drove me from the town with heavy sticks and sharp stones. I ran home to Laret as fast as I could to let them know where you were, so that they might go and set you free, but they did not seem to understand me."

"The poor dog," said Philomena. "When he came to the door, he was so frightened and trembling. One could almost have said there were tears in his eyes. We were sure some evil had befallen you."

"Yes, indeed, we have been praying and weeping for a long time," said the mother. "But here you are at last, safe and sound, God be praised and thanked."

"And I am very tired, mother," said Korsin, in a low, weary voice, "I shall have to go to bed. I have had a long and fruitless day, seeking a shepherd."

"I will cook your supper first, and get you some wine."

"No, mother, I am not hungry; I have had something to eat."

Philomena took a black silk handkerchief from the table, saying, "I am going to run over to Rosa. When the dog came home without you, she saw him and has been so uneasy. I will be back soon." She left the room.

Korsin went over to the stove, sat down on the bench and rested his head in his hands.

"Are you ill, Korsin?" asked his mother, laying her hand on his shoulder. "You have done too much to-day. You went out too early. Or, perhaps—something?"

"Mother, do not worry. I am very, very tired, that is all."

"Only that? Nay, Korsin, there is something more. Never have I seen you so pale. What is wrong? Will you not tell your mother, Korsin?"

"No, mother, it would only vex you and make you unhappy."

"But it will be worse if I do not know."

"Johanna is—a traitor—a serpent," he burst

forth bitterly, "and yet, and yet, how can I believe it?"

"Tell me, Korsin, tell me all."

Then, his full heart unburdened itself; he told her all. As the recital went on, her face became sad, angry, alarmed by turns. When he came to the account of his release from the tower, she bent her head and folded her hands. And when he had finished, she said.

"O God be praised and thanked that you are free from such chains as those, double chains. Have courage, Korsin, and try to forget all. You are still the same Korsin von Laret that you were last evening."

"I shall soon be with my father," he cried.

The mother fell on her knees beside him, clasped his hands in hers, and wept. After a while, she said.

"But, Korsin why should it be so? It is because you are sad and weary after what has happened, that you think so. I remember very well that in my youth I feared an early death—and yet you see me here still, grown old and gray. It is a thought that often comes to young people." He shook his head sorrowfully.

"Do you feel ill, Korsin?" she asked.

"No."

"Are you afraid of an enemy?"

"No."

"Oh then be at rest, and banish the thought of death from your mind."

"I would like to live as long as you live, mother, for your sake."

"You will see, Korsin, that everything will turn out right. Now go to bed. And in the morning tell all to the priest. Oh, his word and counsel will be very helpful to you."

"As God wills, mother. Give me a little holy water."

As Pauline dipped her finger in the font, he bent his forehead. She made the sign of the cross upon it, while tears fell from his eyes.

"Good night, mother. All is in God's hands."

"Good night. Sleep well, Korsin."

In a very short time, the wearied head and heart were quiet. Sleep, the blessed visitant, enveloped him like a healing garment. When Philomena opened the door of his room, the mother was leaning over him, saying half aloud, the words of the Psalm: "Custodiat animam tuam Dominus."

(To be continued)

The Holy Eucharist depends, not on any individual priest, but upon the priesthood as a whole, so that, if there were no priesthood, there would be no Real presence of Christ anywhere in the world. Such is God's present ordinance. Therefore prayers for priestly vocations indirectly help to promote the dearest interests of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

## Thumbnail Sketches of Europe

CALLA L. STAHLMANN

### CASTLES ON THE RHINE

FROM Brussels to Cologne is a long, tiresome train ride of about seven hours. We had hoped to make it by airplane, but learned that the Brussels-Cologne plane had recently been taken off the schedule, not being a paying proposition. Hence, we settled ourselves as comfortably as possible in our compartment train, typical of the continent. We passed through all sorts of examinations: passport, baggage, medical, etc., but were blissfully unconscious of it all—the word “American” seemed to be the “open Sesame” for us! We were received most hospitably, and were troubled by no details.

At Aix-la-Chapelle (or Aachen, the same depending on which language you spoke), we had our first sample of German cooking in the Station Restaurant. Incidentally, the meals served under the management of the railways, either on train or in restaurant, are excellent, and plenteous to the point of superabundance! Whistles blew, bells rang, and we clambered aboard again, finding everything just as we had left it. It is an unwritten law in Europe that one's coat, hat, or even book, left on a train seat, reserves that seat until the owner reclaims it.

Coming out of the enormous and very modern

station of Cologne we blinked and rubbed our eyes, and there, just a half-square from us, stood the “Dom,” the Cathedral of Cologne—the most magnificent monument of Gothic art in all Germany! It was begun in the thirteenth century, but not finished until 1880. Legend says that the original architect despaired of a plan for the Cathedral that was to be different from all others in Europe, and at the same time should surpass them. At last, the evil one offered the present design to him, if he should merely sell him his soul! The architect consented, but at the actual delivery of the plans by Satan, the former outwitted him, gaining possession of them without signing the pledge that would consign his soul to the Prince of Darkness. The latter admitted his defeat, but uttered the prediction that the Cathedral should never be finished without his consent, and that the architect's name should be lost in oblivion. Many accidents befell the work and the workmen, and the building was abandoned several times. True enough, the name of the architect is unknown, and rumor also says that the Cathedral would not be finished yet, had not Satan given his consent, and even provided means to carry on the work by establishing a lottery to assist in raising funds! The twin spires dominate the whole city, and one never forgets his walk down the dimly-lit aisles of the magnificent interior.

In our drive about the town, we were shown the ruins of the old Roman walls, which formerly encircled the site; does that surprise you? Don't you remember that the city of Cologne was founded by a German tribe, the Ubii, in 38 B. C., when they were compelled by Agrippa to move to the left bank of the Rhine? In 51 A. D., Agrippina, the daughter of Germanicus, and the mother of no less a personage than Nero, established a colony of Romans here, calling it “Colonia Agrippinensis.”



BINGEN ON THE RHINE



The Roman walls were built during the time of Claudius. One of the principal streets still bears the name "Agrippina."

Cologne has been the scene of many struggles, both political and religious; it was an important Hanseatic town, and has twice been the cradle of German Art. The progress of its steamboat and rail traffic, and the energy of its citizens, who possess great wealth, have made Cologne one of the most important commercial cities of Germany.

Your earliest associations with Cologne were probably concerned with perfume and toilet water, as I am sure mine were! The city was not named for the perfume, but vice versa. As early as 1709, Johann Maria Farina is said to have invented the "Eau de Cologne," and the firm now manufacturing the perfume bears the same name.

Eager to see how the people lived, and played, we visited their gardens, theaters, and music halls—they play as hard as they work, are great lovers of good music, and are very courteous to the stranger at every turn. Nearly all the young German men have their heads shaven, go bare-headed, and carry canes! The cane is rather a token of youth than of age! Two young Germans, who had worked for some time in Detroit, but were home for a visit, spoke to us, recognizing our nationality, of course, and glad to hear of the U. S. A. again, at first-hand. Everyone walks in the middle of the streets, as both the streets and the sidewalks are very narrow.

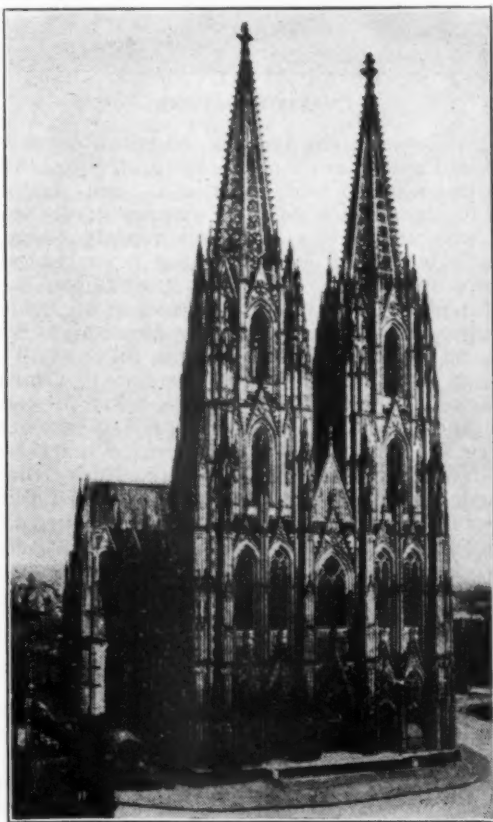
The bells of the Dom awakened us next day, and we were up and away for one of the most pleasant days of our lives: a day on the Rhine by steamer! An American poet has said that the Rhine is the most beautiful river in the world! There is no doubt as to its beauty, and its diversity. There are wild rocks of slate; ruins haunted by legend and tradition; ancient castles on the peaks; beautiful vineyards, at times as far as the eye can see; the Rock of the Lorelei; the Mouse Tower—all reflected in the waters of the Rhine!

Before we leave Cologne, let me tell you a tale that is told there: Many, many years ago in Cologne, Mengis von Aducht lost his beautiful wife; she was ill but a short time, died, and was buried in the Church where she was wont to worship. The old sexton, a greedy man, opened her tomb to steal her jewels. As he was drawing her wedding ring off, she slowly arose, crept out, and returned to her own home, where she knocked loudly. The servants dashed in to tell their mourning master that his mistress stood outside. Von Aducht sighed and said, "Alas! The dead never return! I could as soon believe that my horses were gazing out of

the attic window, as that what you tell me is true!" Scarcely had he said this, when a loud noise of horses' feet was heard on the stairs, and then overhead, and soon he heard them whinnying out of the attic window! Then Von Aducht was persuaded, and dashed out to regain his lost wife, who was soon restored to health. In memory of this night, he ordered horses' heads to be carved from stone, and to be placed under the gable of his house, where they may be seen to this day—an object of great curiosity to strangers!

No sooner were we on our steamer from Cologne than we wanted to go ashore at Bonn, the birthplace of the renowned Beethoven, and also the seat of a famous University. But this was an express steamer, and one can't be ashore sightseeing and sailing up the Rhine at the same time—it's a physical impossibility! So "we stuck with the ship!"

The Rhine is lined on either side with castles, in various states of decay, surmounted upon high peaks—relics of the days when robbers



CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE



NATIVE COSTUME

were abroad night and day, and each home depended upon its own means for protection. The barons selected high locations, and hedged themselves about with all manner of defense, to save themselves and their vassals. Not a castle but has a legend, dating from the crusades or earlier! One of the most famous and most picturesque is that of Drachenfels, which commands a view of the Seven Mountains. The legend of the Drachenfels is as follows: The brave young knight Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, while out for adventure, asked for shelter and entertainment at the Castle of Drachenfels, the home of Count Heribert. While there, he fell in love with the Count's daughter, Hildegard, and they plighted their troth. Before they could be wed, Charlemagne summoned Roland to the crusades. Rumor said that her sweetheart was killed, and Hildegard, after waiting long and hopefully, finally took refuge in a cloister on a nearby island. Of course, Roland had not died, but, being seriously injured, he was a long time in returning. Imagine his dismay when he learned that his affianced bride had taken her vows, and was lost to him forever! He built the castle whose ruins are now visible, became a hermit, and watched the cloister daily, where he could see Hildegard going about her duties. At last, she died, and Roland saw her funeral procession in the distance. He confessed to the priest who he was,

made the wish that he be buried with his face towards the place where Hildegard lay, and was found dead the next day, by the same priest, who complied with his request.

Another place that should be of interest to us is the Church of St. Apollinaris, near the well-known Apollinaris fountain whose waters are sent to all parts of the world, as an aid to digestion. There really was a saint named Apollinaris, and, at his death, the Bishop intended to take his remains to Cologne for burial. The trip was being made by boat on the Rhine, and as the remains were opposite this point, the boat stopped in a miraculous manner, and could be induced to go no farther. The Bishop took this as a sign that the saint wished to remain here, so disembarked, and founded the church which still stands, and contains the relics of the saint.

Who hasn't heard of the Lorelei and her beguilements? There are many tales of her, but one has outlived them all and is most popular, being immortalized by the poet Heine. Lorelei was a water nymph, a daughter of Father Rhine. She was supposed to spend her days in the cool waters, but, at eventide, she sat on the rock which now bears her name, in full view of all passersby. She sang charming melodies, all the while combing her flowing locks with a jeweled comb. If the ears of the boatmen received her melodies, rowing was forgotten, the boats were dashed to pieces on the rocks, and the owners were lost! We tried to imagine ourselves back several centuries, and strained our ears to hear the echoes which are said to resound seven times, but alas! the most we heard was the scream of a locomotive, and a very modern-looking train dashed into a tunnel that passes clear through the Rock of the Lorelei, and comes out—I don't know where! Tradition and the twentieth century will never blend!

One more tale about the Rhine, and that is a "Mouse Tale"! There is a fascinating little story about the Mouse Tower, which is situated on a tiny island near Bingen—a tale in which Retribution overtakes the evildoer. We almost missed our dinner on the boat, running back and forth from table to porthole, to see whether we were passing the "Mouse House" yet! Tradition says that Hatto, a cruel Archbishop of Mayence during the tenth century, had caused a number of poverty-stricken people to be burned to death in a barn, during a famine, likening them to mice that were bent on consuming the grain. In punishment, Hatto was tormented by mice, day and night; at last, he sought to find peace on this island, thinking the mice would not be able to swim. He was disappointed in this, however, as the mice swam out in great hordes, attacked him, and finally ate him alive!

(Continued on page 556)

## The Same Everlasting Sacrifice

DOUGLAS A. PEARL, S. J.

### THE HOLY SACRIFICE IN THE 20TH CENTURY

(Continued)

#### OFFERTORY

THE Offertory, the first part of the Mass of the Faithful, or the third of the six divisions of the Mass, is called the "intrinsic portion" of the Holy Sacrifice. It embraces four main parts—the Offertory prayers, the washing of the priest's hands, the prayer to the Most Holy Trinity with the "Orate Fratres," and the Secret prayers.

There is some difference between the Offertory of to-day and that of the primitive Church, at least in prayers and actions. The author of a modern Liturgical Catechism (Rev. M. S. McMahon) describes the ancient Offertory in these words: "The clergy within the choir, and the laity, both men and women, outside the choir, made offerings of bread in small round cakes marked with a cross on top, and of wine in small bottles or cruets which were presented to the deacons or other clergy, who placed upon the altar as much bread and wine as was necessary for all the communicants." This practice continued up to the ninth century. While the people made their offerings a psalm was sung, but no other prayers were said. A trace of that psalm remains to-day in the Offertory verse which the priest recites after having once more saluted the faithful after the Creed.

I shall not go into detail with regard to the Offertory prayers or the rubrics of the Offertory. Let it suffice to say that the prayers (five of them) which the priest recites as he offers the bread to the Heavenly Father, blesses the water which is mixed with the wine, and offers the chalice, are of medieval origin. They first came into use in Rome in the fourteenth century. The revisers of the Roman Missal in 1570 A. D. took these prayers from the Roman Ordo. They were compiled from various sources. "Suscipe, Sancte Pater" is first found in the prayer book of Charles the Bald (with variations). "Deus, qui humanae substantiae" is an adaptation from a Collect for Christmas in the Leonine Sacramentary. "Offerimus Tibi" comes to us from the Mozarabic rite. The prayer "In spiritu humilitatis," based on Daniel III, 39-40, is found in many medieval missals. "Veni Sanctificator" is a modified prayer from the Mozarabic form.

As in the early days the priest washed his hands after receiving the offerings of the people, so to-day, after making the offering of the

bread and wine, the celebrant washes his hands, reciting that beautiful psalm, "Lavabo inter innocentes manus meas"—"I will wash my hands among the innocent." Of old, after the Lavabo, the priest recited the "Oratio super oblata," or as we have it, the Secret prayers, secret because they were said over the oblations which were now separated from profane use. (*Secreta* is derived from the Latin—*secernere*—to separate.) To-day, before reciting the Secret, the priest says a prayer to the Holy Trinity, a sort of sixth offertory prayer, and then, turning toward the people, he invites them to pray with him "that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God, the Father Almighty." Then, after reciting the Secret prayers, the priest begins the fourth portion of the Holy Sacrifice, that which is the essential portion, the rite of Consecration.

#### CONSECRATION

The Preface and Canon of the Mass make up this fourth portion. The Canon is again divided into several parts such as the reading of the diptychs, the prayers preparatory to the Consecration, the Consecration and Elevation, the oblation of the Victim to God, and the minor elevation. Together the Preface and Canon make up the ancient Eucharistic Prayer. In the eighth century, when the practice of reciting the Canon in a low voice was introduced, the Preface was separated from it. Of the fourteen Prefaces in use to-day, ten were commonly used in the seventh century, one, that of the Blessed Virgin, was introduced in the eleventh century, and the other three are of quite recent origin. Pope Benedict XV introduced the preface of St. Joseph, and that for the Mass for the Dead in 1919, and the present Holy Father, the Preface for the feast of Christ, King. In general the Preface is a beautiful prayer of thanksgiving and praise. It is followed by the Trisagion, or Sanctus. The introduction of the Sanctus is attributed to Pope St. Sixtus.

The Canon, says the Council of Trent, is made up of the words of Our Lord, the traditions of the Apostles, and the pious ordinances of the Popes. St. Gregory the Great states that it was arranged in its present form by a certain "Scholasticus." A commentator says of its symmetry, "It is most symmetrically arranged—e. g., it begins with three signs of the Cross; towards the close before the Doxology there are three also; five signs of the Cross immediately precede the Consecration—five more signs im-



mediately follow it; the words of Consecration are in the very center of the Canon: the memento of the living precedes the Consecration, and at an equal distance after the Consecration follows that of the Dead."

The Canon, as was stated above, has not been changed since the days of Gregory the Great. The fact that in 1815 the Sacred Congregation of Rites refused to add the name of St. Joseph to one of the prayers proves the firm determination of the Church to preserve unaltered this most sacred form of venerable antiquity. There are five prayers preceding the Consecration, the first three of which may be grouped into one. They are the "Te igitur," the reading of the Diptychs or Commemoration of the Living, and the "Communicantes." They are prayers of intercession in which the Pope, the Bishop of the diocese, and the living for whom the celebrant wishes to pray, are commemorated, and the aid of the members of the Church Triumphant is enlisted. These prayers, together with the Memento for the Dead, which now follows the Consecration, occupied the place they now hold as early as 416 A. D., according to a letter of Pope Innocent written at that time.

The word "Diptychs" is a strange word to us to-day. An authority explains them thus: "The Diptychs consisted of two tablets, sometimes of ivory, so fastened together by a string or strap as to open and close like a book, on one section of which were written the names of the chief ecclesiastical patrons and benefactors of the Church, of the more generous donors of the gifts at the Offertory, of saints held in special devotion, and upon the other section were written the names of the dead on whose behalf offerings had been made, or who had claims on the special regard of the local church. The deacon read them from the ambo (or pulpit), or the subdeacon from the foot of the altar at High Mass, and the celebrant read them out from the predella at Low Mass." This custom, as such, lasted until some time in the twelfth century, though it remains with us to-day in substance in the Memento of the Living and that of the Dead. The Communicantes, which immediately follows the Memento of the Living, varies with the season of the year.

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### *Body of Christ, Save Me!*

F. V.

A star flashed bright in the darkness,  
A star that before had been dim—  
An old man's soul went to heaven  
And stood near the awed Seraphim.  
Pure spirits who since the creation  
Adored God in high realms apart  
Made way for this earth-weary creature  
Who carried his God in his heart.

There are two more prayers before the Consecration. The "Hanc igitur" owes its present form to Gregory the Great, who added the second half of the prayer. During this prayer the priest imposes his hands over the offerings to emphasize their sacrificial nature. This practice was introduced in the sixteenth century, during the Reformation, when Protestant Reformers denied this sacrificial nature. The prayer "Quam oblationem" completes the prayers preceding the Consecration. Its antiquity is attested by many documents. A prayer of almost the identical words is claimed first to have been used in 400 A. D.

The Consecration, which is the very heart of the rite, the act of sacrifice itself, has ever been the essence of the Mass. The words used are those of Our Blessed Lord at the Last Supper. The adoration, elevation, and ringing of the sanctus bell after each consecration did not come into use until the twelfth century. It was first introduced as a protest against Berengarius and his followers, who denied the doctrine of transubstantiation. The Liturgical Catechism states that the Bishop of Paris, Eudes de Sully, in the twelfth century, ordered that the celebrant should raise the Sacred Host for the people's adoration before the consecration of the chalice, to show his strong objection to the doctrine, then abroad at the University of Paris, that the Host was not consecrated until the consecration of the wine had been completed. The elevation of the chalice was not imposed as a general law in the Church until the sixteenth century.

The three prayers which immediately follow the Consecration are forms of Oblation. They differ from the Offertory prayers in this, that the Offertory prayers offered the material fruits of the earth, bread and wine, to the Heavenly Father, while now His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, living in the Blessed Sacrament under the appearances of bread and wine, is offered as a victim to God. The last four words of the second of these prayers, the "Supplices," are attributed to Pope St. Leo I, who added them by way of condemnation of the Manichean heresy.

The Memento for the Dead and another prayer, the "Nobis quoque peccatoribus," bring us to the concluding prayer of the Canon of the Mass. During this last prayer, the "Per Quem haec omnia," the priest slightly elevates the Host and Chalice at the same time. Up to the introduction of the greater elevation in the twelfth century, this was the only elevation known in the Mass. The prayer concludes with the words, "Per omnia saecula saeculorum," to which the response is made "Amen." This was known as the "Great Amen," since by it the people broke their long silence, and thus made



a sublime act of Faith in the great Sacrifice which had just been accomplished.

### COMMUNION

The "integral portion" of the Holy Sacrifice, the Communion, or fifth division, includes the Lord's Prayer and its paraphrase, the Fraction of the Host and the Commixture, the Agnus Dei, the prayers preparatory for Communion, and the actual reception of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ.

The "Pater Noster" up to the fifth century had been said immediately before the Communion after the breaking of the Bread, but St. Gregory the Great placed it, as well as the paraphrase, the "Libera," in the position it now holds in the Mass.

Since Our Divine Lord Himself *broke bread* at the Last Supper the early Christians used to refer to the Mass as the "Fractio Panis." This has always been considered a very important part of the Mass, and takes place to-day at the end of the prayer "Libera nos." Up to the tenth century the Bread was broken into three portions, the Sancta, the Fermentum, and the portion reserved for the Communion of the celebrant. Though this custom ceased at that time, the Bread to-day is still broken into three portions, one of which is dropped into the chalice, and the other two reserved for the priest's Communion. The symbolism of these actions I shall not account for. Let it suffice to say that they have been an unchangeable part of the Mass from the first days of the Church.

The Agnus Dei was introduced into the Mass by Pope Sergius I, in 701 A. D. Originally it was a long litany sung alternately by priest and people during the ceremony of the breaking of the Bread. Since the eleventh century the number of invocations has been definitely limited to three.

Of the three prayers which follow upon the Agnus Dei, the first is a prayer for peace. In High Mass to-day, this prayer is followed by the Kiss of Peace. Both were here introduced in the eleventh century. Previous to that the Kiss of Peace was given before the "Eucharistic Prayer." The other two prayers, with the prayer for peace, constitute the priest's preparation for Holy Communion. The Pater used to be said here, but was changed in the time of St. Gregory. After striking his breast and saying the prayer of the centurion in the Gospel, the priest with fervent supplication that the Body and Blood of Christ may be to him a pledge of life everlasting, communicates himself, and if there are any of the laity to receive, he communicates them.

### THANKSGIVING

The prayers said during the reception of the

ablutions constitute the first section of the last, the "complementary portion," the Thanksgiving of the Holy Sacrifice. The "Quod ore sumpsimus," the first of these prayers, is an ancient Post-communion which dates back to the fourth century. It is still found in the Missal as the Post-communion of Holy Thursday. The "Corpus Tuum, Domine," was composed as a private prayer. I have not been able to discover when it became a part of the Mass.

The "Communio" was originally a psalm which was sung while the laity were communicating. In the eleventh century this practice was dropped, and to-day the Antiphon alone is said by the priest. The Post-communion, which corresponds to the Collect and Secret, and which varies as they do from day to day, is as old as the Mass itself. Until the Middle Ages it was known as the "Oratio ad complendum" and was the concluding prayer of the Mass, except for the dismissal of the people. The dismissal to-day—"Ite, Missa est"—is followed by the blessing of the priest, and the recitation of the Gospel of St. John. The prayer "Placeat" and the blessing were introduced in the eleventh century, but the present arrangement was not fixed until the fifteenth century. The Last Gospel was made a part of the Liturgy by Pope Pius V in the sixteenth century. The addition of the prayers at the foot of the altar was made by Pope Leo XIII in 1884, and twenty years later Pope Pius X added the invocations to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The priest's formula of Thanksgiving after Mass, the Canticle of the three young men in the fiery furnace, was adopted in the eleventh century, though it is not of obligation.

### CONCLUSION

Nineteen hundred years have passed since that first sacrificial offering, the first Mass, was  
(Continued on page 555)

### Easter Lilies

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

About the place where Christ  
Was buried for three days,  
There grew tall budding lilies,  
Lifting misty sprays.

Triumphant on the morning  
The stone was rolled aside,  
The blossoms of the lilies,  
Greeted Christ—and died.

Symbol of his Rising,  
In their earthly tomb,  
Through the year the lilies  
Wait their time to bloom.

## The End of A Chapter

FLORENCE GILMORE

**W**ORLD-WIDE rejoicing over the settlement of the Roman Question vividly recalls both the sad days of 1870, that witnessed the total eclipse of the temporal power of the Papacy, and the heroic, sorrow-stricken figure of the Pope who could not save to the Church possessions with which more pious generations had endowed her.

As early as 1831, shortly after the election of Pope Gregory XVI, an insurrection that started in Modena spread to the Papal States, and its leaders decreed the suppression of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. Defeated, but neither discouraged nor wholly discredited, they and hundreds of their ilk banded together in secret societies which favored the unification of Italy as an important step toward the occupation of Papal territory, and—so they fondly believed—the beginning of the end for the Catholic Church.

Pius IX, elected in 1846, had been Pope only three years when he was driven from Rome by revolutionaries. France went to his assistance, order was restored, and the Holy Father was soon joyfully welcomed home. Eleven years later, when his enemies were triumphing everywhere and dared, in the face of a then indifferent world, to take possession of Romagna, the appeal of Pius IX to the Catholic powers fell on deaf ears. What friends came to his support—the flower of Catholic youth from many lands—were too few, and too hurriedly and imperfectly organized to withstand the forces which were marshalled against them. The Marches and Umbria were next snatched from the Pope, and only Rome, Civita Vecchia and a narrow strip of land along the Mediterranean remained to him.

In 1870, when Germany and France were preoccupied with their own bitter quarrel, the Italian Government saw that its hour had come. Victor Emmanuel's troops appeared before Rome, and took possession of it, leaving to Pius IX and his successors only the Vatican, St. Peter's, and the castle of St. Angelo. Such in-

adequate and humiliating compensation as was offered to the Holy Father he unhesitatingly declined. He declined, too, but with feelings of deep gratitude, Queen Victoria's offer of the Island of Malta to be a permanent home whence the Popes could rule in safety and with honor. On the morrow of the occupation of Rome there was inaugurated the unnatural condition with which we have been familiar all our lives: Christ's Vicar a prisoner, a Catholic king his goaler. That, so discredited in the eyes of the world, the Papacy would yearly gain in prestige was a marvel which neither enemies nor friends could foresee.

Such, in meagre outline, is the story whose dénouement we have witnessed; a story whose details are of deep interest, very touching, and of a beauty that thrills all that is noblest in men's hearts.

The Papal Zouaves share with the holy old Pontiff, Pius IX, the love and veneration of all Catholic Christendom. They were a noble band, an honor to a great cause. Founded by General La Morigère, in 1860, for the defence of the Papal States, they served during ten momentous years. About 1865 King Victor Emmanuel gave his word that if Napoleon III would recall all French troops from Italian soil the Popes would never be molested in the territory that still remained to

them; so, by the close of 1866, the last detachment of French soldiers sailed for Marseilles and the Zouaves alone remained to protect the Holy Father. At this time they were sufficiently numerous and well disciplined to have quelled any revolutionary outburst; that the royal armies should be sent against them seemed an impossibility, in view of the solemn promises of the king.

The Zouaves were recruited from many nationalities and all classes of society. Side by side in their ranks marched Bavarians, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Tyrolese and Americans; peasants, artisans, and sons of some of the oldest and most distinguished families of Europe. Their pay was small, and was not accepted by



POPE PIUS XI

those who had any private resources. The generals who commanded them were men of well established reputations—the famous La Moricière, the gallant Marquis de Charette, the soldierly Kanzler. It is of interest to us to know that the Marquis de Charette afterwards married a beautiful American girl, of good southern family, who during the Civil War had shown great presence of mind and bravery in helping the hard-pressed southern soldiers with whom she sympathized.

In the bitter days of 1870, when Victor Emmanuel sent an army of 70,000 men to occupy Rome, defended by 12,000 Zouaves, Pius IX permitted only formal resistance to be made; otherwise the loyal Zouaves would have been annihilated. But until the attack had commenced no one knew of the Holy Father's intention, and the preceeding night, from early evening until daybreak, priests were kept busy hearing the confessions of Zouaves; then, each man lightly heartedly hurried to his appointed post. The seminarians of the American College asked to be permitted to arm themselves and fight, side by side with the Zouaves, for the defence of the city; but His Holiness told them to care for the wounded instead.

On the morning of September 20 the attack was launched. As soon as a breach had been made in the Porta Pia Pius IX sent word that the Zouaves were to lay down their arms; and—grief-stricken—they obeyed.

At once Rome became part of United Italy; the Sovereign Pontiff no longer had any territory to be defended; and the Zouaves left Rome. They served the Government of National Defence in France during the Franco-Prussian war, and were disbanded after the Germans entered Paris.

Of Pius IX many anecdotes are remembered, and all of them tend to make him the more deeply revered and loved. So holy that there is question of his canonization, he was also the wittiest of men, the kindest, the most charming. Remembering his tender goodness to the poor when he was Bishop of Imola, Rome and all of Italy went wild with joy when he was elected pope; and to the end he was loved and honored by every Italian uncorrupted by secret societies.

Two little incidents will serve to show what manner of man he was who sat on the Throne of the Fisherman during the most troubled days that have ever come upon it.

In 1867, when Garibaldi and his army marched toward Rome, the Papal Zouaves under General Kanzler hastened to Mentana to force a conflict there, in the hope of shielding the city from the horrors of battle and possible pillage. Garibaldi's troops were defeated and the Zouaves returned in triumph, bringing with

them hundreds of prisoners. Many of these men were lodged in the Castle of St. Angelo; and no one knew what punishment the Holy Father—a temporal sovereign, be it remembered,—would mete out to these enemies of his, some of whom were rebellious subjects of his own: traitors, no less.

One morning accompanied only by a priest and the commandant of the fortress, the Holy Father entered the large hall in which the prisoners were lodged. Living in constant fear of being court-martialed, the men were terrified at his coming; but to their amazement he smiled upon them, in most fatherly fashion, saying, "You see before you, my sons, the man whom your General calls 'The Vampire of Italy.' It was against me that you took up arms. And what am I? A poor old man—only that: a poor old man."

He went among them, making friends with all in his inimitably charming way. He inquired concerning their families, their health, their circumstances, promising clothing to some, money for their homeward expenses to others, comforting them in their soon-to-be-ended separation from their wives and children. And the poor, misguided men, warm-hearted as are all Italians, soon pressed about him, kissing his hands and his cloak and begging his forgiveness. Many among them wept like children; and the Holy Father was only less deeply affected than they.

Before taking leave of the prisoners Pius IX solemnly blessed them and their families. His parting word to them was, "All that I ask of you is that, as Catholics, you will often remember me in a short but heartfelt prayer to God." As he turned away, the old, old walls of the Castle of St. Angelo vibrated with cheers for the Pope which sprang spontaneously from the hearts of men who, but half an hour before, had considered him their bitterest enemy.

Three years later, on the nineteenth of September, 1870, the day before the city of Rome surrendered to the overpowering numbers of the soldiery sent against her, Pius IX—seventy-eight years of age, and very feeble,—went in the heat of the afternoon to visit the Sanctuary of the Holy Stairs. These Stairs were brought from Jerusalem in the time of the Crusades, and are the marble steps by which Christ entered and left Pilate's palace on the day of the Crucifixion. They are covered with glass through which can readily be seen stains of the Precious Blood. No one ever ascends them except on his knees.

Like every other Catholic, Pius IX climbed the Stairs on his knees, and on reaching the platform at the top prayed aloud, in the anguish of his heart, that if Heaven required a sacrifice,

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## New Caldey Abbey

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

ON St. Luke's Day, Oct. 18, 1928, a few of the Benedictines of Caldey took possession of their new home, Prinknash Park, or as it will in future be called New Caldey Abbey. Not until the 20th of December, 1928, did they muster in full force, and on Christmas Eve all answered the roll call and all were present at midnight Mass.

Of course, many alterations will have to be made in the chapel, as well as through the entire building, and it may be many months before the monks will be able to quite resume the routine of monastic life and sing the Divine Office—the *Opus Dei*, the great work which St. Benedict directs must take precedence of everything else.

The monks are having a busy time, having various adaptations carried out, large bedrooms changed into small cells, and the spacious drawing-room converted into a library. Carpenters, plasterers, all sorts and conditions of tradesmen are running amuck and so the poor monks for the nonce are having little peace and are not enjoying, save in mind and soul, the beauty of their motto of *Pax*, their outward life is so strenuous and so intensely distracting.

Prinknash Park or, as it has been re-christened, New Caldey Abbey, is indeed a beautiful spot with delightful surroundings, wooded hills

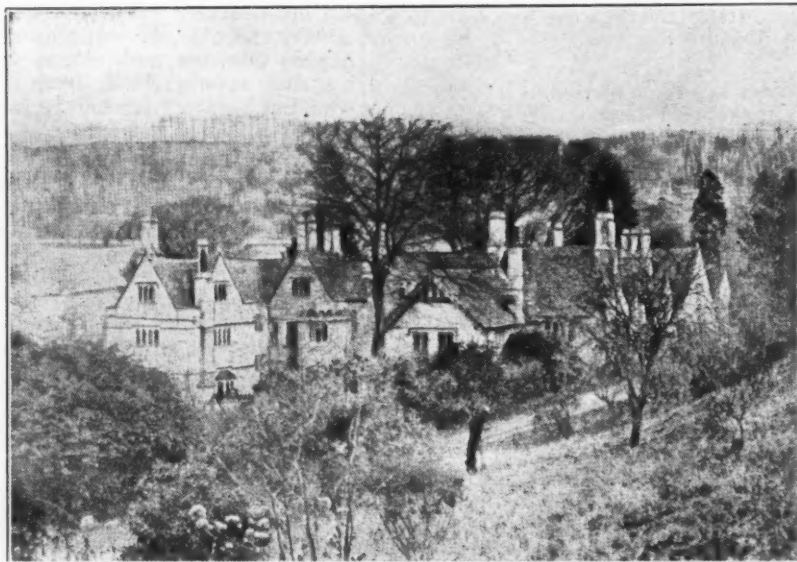
and dales, and the lure of running water, glorious old trees, and the low-lying, graceful, yet majestic Cotswold hills—the glory and pride of Gloucestershire, these hills are visible from many of the windows, and from the neglected gardens, and these same gardens will soon blossom and bloom as the gardens of Old Caldey, an earthly Eden. Dom Upson O. S. B., Prior, writes in *Pax*, November, 1928:

We have clung fast to our Benedictine tradition, and God has rewarded us by bringing the community to this beautiful home saturated with Benedictine associations. Away down on the plain beneath us were the monasteries of Worcester, Malvern, Tewkesbury, Evesham and Pershore; Winchcombe was not far distant across the hills; and the Abbot of Gloucester must often have looked down from these windows at his Abbey at the foot of the Cotswolds. So we are able with full hearts to say, if this is failure then thank God for the failure of man which is the triumph of God.

Dom Wilfrid Upson, O. S. B., Prior.

Prinknash Park has many historical associations, and was indeed for centuries before the

Reformation the home of the Benedictines, belonging to the Benedictine Abbey of Gloucester. Edward III in 1355 granted lands with many favors to them, and in 1397 Richard II confirmed this grant, and shortly afterwards the Pope allowed Prinknash Park to become extra-parochial. Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn in August, 1555, visited Prinknash Park, and were right royally entertained by Abbot Parker. In reward for this hospitality, and probably because the beauty and fruitfulness of this place appealed to the monarch's taste, he confis-



NEW CALDEY ABBEY, PRINKNASH PARK, GLOUCESTER



cated it and gave it to one of his courtiers.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,  
Yet they grind exceeding small,  
Though with patience He stand waiting,  
With exactness grinds He all."

So once more, after the lapse of centuries, Benedictine monks have come into possession of their heritage, and the old corridors and rooms re-echo to the footsteps of the sons of St. Benedict and soon—perhaps before this brief sketch sees the light—their successors will sing the *Opus Dei* in the renovated chapel.

## Saint Anselm of Canterbury

LEO V. LEEDER

Aosta, an Italian town in Piedmont, Italy, was the native place of St. Anselm. From his youth he devoted himself to the pursuit of piety and learning, and became as renowned for the one as for the other. An early inclination to the religious life was inadvisedly thwarted by a love-blinded parent, but by the Providence of God it revived in the young man's soul after his father's death. As a result of the call, which he felt to be from God, he joined the Benedictine community at Ste. Marie du Bec in Normandy at the age of twenty-seven. He was an admirer and imitator of the learned prior of that house, the renowned Lanfranc. Upon the latter's removal, St. Anselm was chosen to succeed him in office. His life as a monk was so full of abstinence and mortification that unruly desires became wholly extinct within him. It is said that he often rose at night, made corrections in the badly-written books belonging to the monastic library, and then devoted the remainder of the night to meditation and union with God. As abbot, he was on several occasions vouchsafed the same grace that the holy father, St. Benedict, had received—that of providing by a miracle for the necessity of the brethren, after he had ordered the food set before them to be given to the poor.

In 1092 he went to England, where at the earnest entreaty of King William Rufus he accepted the See of Canterbury. However, he soon discovered what it means to deal with an inconstant prince, for Rufus began to oppress the Church and the clergy. Anselm boldly withstood him and made several trips to Rome to maintain ecclesiastical rights. After one of these visits to the pope, he was refused readmission to England and retired to his former monastery at Bec, where he died at the age of seventy-three years in 1109. Because of his remarkable theological knowledge, Pope Clement XI (1720) bestowed on him the title of Doctor of the Church.

## The End of a Chapter

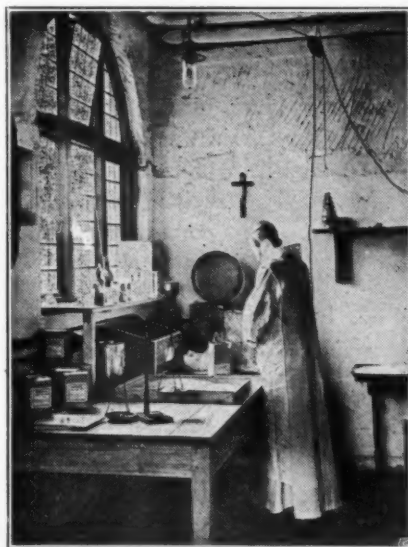
(Continued from page 549)

his life might be accepted instead of the loss of Rome. His own life, he said, was nothing; but Rome was everything. "Spare Rome from the hands of the invaders!" he repeated again and again; and as he prayed, tears poured over his cheeks, and his frame was shaken by sobs.

After a time he became quiet, but continued to pray; and when, at last, weary but calm, he rose from his knees, he said, "After all, the will of God is best. May it be done." At once he returned to the Vatican to face the tragedy which another day was to bring forth, when Rome, the city of the Popes, fell into the hands of a dynasty with neither long nor great traditions and of tarnished honor.

On the eve of the occupation of Rome Pope Pius IX met for the last time the members of the Diplomatic Corps—representatives of nations in every part of the world; and among them all there was not one whose Government had not refused to aid the Holy Father in his hour of need. Beyond a doubt there were present some who believed that the loss of the temporal power meant, inevitably, the slow death of the Church, or at least its complete overshadowing. But for all his sorrow Pius IX knew better than this. "Remember, gentlemen," he said, "that the Catholic Church is immortal."

Weaklings in the spiritual life have all the more need of the Bread of the strong.



CALDEY MONK PACKING INCENSE

"Sing ye to the Lord a new canticle, alleluia, for the Lord hath done wonderful things, alleluia: He hath revealed His justice

## DAILY DRILL

Placidus M. O.



Deep-dyed curtain shrouds the chaotic chasm. The magic word of the almighty Creator sounds over the deep, and at this signal earth's vast stage is flooded with resplendent light from the luminaries in the vaulted firmament, bringing to view the hero and heroine, Adam, the king of all creation, and his helpmate Eve, moving about amid the scenic shrubbery of their paradisiacal home. Order holds sway in the universe. A burthen of harmonious peace and peaceful harmony pervades creation in the morning of the world. "The stars were called and they said: Here we are: and with cheerfulness they have shined forth to him that made them." (Bar. 3:35.) Earth and heaven, sky and sea, plant and animal unite to form a mammoth choir, ceaselessly singing hymns of praise to the mighty Lord that called them forth from the bottomless abyss of nothing. All this songful worship ascends through creation's God-ordained high priest—man, who, on the three-stringed lute of his godlike soul transmutes this choir service into rational worship, gratifying and acceptable to the ear of God. But soon a note of discord is heard. By a wilful, grievous transgression, man has broken the middle string of his soul's lute and impaired the other two. Peace flees. Harmony is destroyed. A state of war exists between the Creator and His rebellious subjects. Paradise knows no more the familiar sight of God walking and conversing with man. Death stalks abroad. Hell rejoices and yawns for victims. But a Savior will come to cheat hell of its victims, to rob death of its sting. Man's lute will be mended. Peace and harmony will be restored. But for four thousand years earth hears naught but direful dirges and woeful lamentations.

in the sight of the Gentiles, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia."  
—Introit or Entrance Versicle of the Mass for the  
Fourth Sunday after Easter.

## ELIN HARMONY

idus O. S. B.

But hark! What *new and strange song* is this? Into the quiet, peace-laden, holy night angelic hosts sing a wondrous song of "Glory to God and peace to men of good will," which the caverns of the Palestinian hills re-echo and like mighty diapasons broadcast to all the eager world. A new Precentor has come to restore in His own human nature the sweet strain of music lost of old in paradise. Man's nature is again in complete submission, in most perfect union and harmony with God, and that in one Person, Christ, the God-man. "My will is to do the will of Him Who sent me." The middle string of the riven lute is replaced to be attuned most perfectly by the hands of the offended Father over the bloody bridge of the Cross. Three iron pegs stretch taut the mangled body and wring from His soul, forsaken of God, the dominant note of "It is consummated" that rings through the centuries, sounded anew every moment of the day from the countless, bloodless Calvaries that dot our ransomed world. It is at the daily sacrifice, the morning service of praise and thanksgiving that our divine Precentor gives us drills in harmony. It is in the morning Mass that He teaches us how to bring our will into alignment with the divine, how to attune our soul with God, so that every heartbeat of the coming day will be in unison with the restless throbbings of His own love-overflowing Heart, and we truly live for, with, and in, God. This is the *new song* that Holy Mother Church would have us learn from, and sing at, her Eucharistic Sacrifice. How different the day and its problems look to us if we have weighed them with spiritual values in the balance of the sanctuary, at the foot of the altar! With joy in our heart and a song on our lips we go forth to take up our little splinter of the Cross, for He, with Whose Will our own is now closely knit, bears the heavier load.

## Sacrifice of Atonement

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

THE most sacred mystery of the Passion of our Lord on Calvary dominates the whole season of Lent, and it has thrown its shadows back even to the times of the Old Law. Moses by God's command prescribed the celebration of the great day of propitiation, the ceremonies of which St. Paul in the Epistle to the Hebrews interprets distinctly as the type of the great sacrifice on Calvary (9:11-14). Even in our days the Jews keep that day as a day of strict penance, abstaining from all nourishment until sunset, thus shaming us Christians by their severe observation of the Law.

The essential liturgical feature of that day in the temple was the sacrificing by the high priest, first of a calf for his own sins, and that of a buck goat for the sins of the people. On another goat he was to place his hands, burden him, as it were, with all the sins of the people, and send him into the desert to be devoured there by the wild animals: this was the proverbial scapegoat. This signified that a sinner, not purified by a sacrifice, would be a prey of the demons. Then the priest was to take the blood of the two slaughtered animals, to enter with the two vessels into the holy of holies, (the only time during the whole year), and there to sprinkle the blood before the sacred Ark of the Covenant. (Lev. chap. 16.)

Each of these prescriptions has, according to St. Paul, a symbolical meaning. The one single entrance each year of the high priest into the holy of holies is a shadow of our Lord's entrance for all into the holiest, i. e., the temple of heaven, after having performed on the cross his great sacrifice of atonement for the sins of the whole world. After His Resurrection He entered heaven, not with the blood of calves or goats or rams, but with His own Blood; and since He paid such a high price for our redemption from the slavery of sin, therefore, he was able to free us not merely from our venial and external transgressions, but from the greatest sins, so as to cleanse even our consciences. (Hebr. 9:14.) In order to appreciate this wonderful deed more truly, we must remember that the great sacrifice of propitiation of the Jews on the day of the atonement only cleansed them from external, legal transgressions; for the great crimes of blasphemy, of desecrating the Sabbath day, of grossly dishonoring parents, of wilful murder and of adultery were *mortal sins* in the Old Law with the special meaning that they were punished by the death of stoning. These transgressions could only be atoned for

by spilling the blood of the animal which had forfeited its life. When God remitted the interior mortal sins, or unpunished exterior sins of the Israelites on the occasion of this sin offering, it was on account of the contrition of the offender, and of his hope and faith in the coming Messiah, who was mystically represented by the high priest as well as by the victims.

Besides this great annual sacrifice of the whole people, the individual members of the chosen people had to offer special sacrifices of atonement for specified sins and transgressions. The peculiar rites of these sin offerings were most significant and expressive. The offender had to place his hands on the head of the victim, thereby confessing his sin and substituting the valuable animal for himself, in order that it should suffer the death which he himself had deserved. When the animal had been killed, the interior fat only was placed on the altar as a holocaust in praise of God; whilst all the rest of the animal was to be taken outside the city of gehenna, the place where all the unclean parts of the victims, as well as all the filth and rubbish of the city was burnt, and which, therefore, represented to the pious and refined Jew the horrors of hell. St. Paul lays special stress on the fact that our Lord, being the victim for sin, was crucified *outside the town*, was laden with all possible indignities, and became as abhorrent to His own people as an unclean leper and outcast. (Hebr. 13:11-13.)

At each sacrifice of animals, whether as holocaust, peace offering, or sin offering, the blood was to be sprinkled at the base of the altar of sacrifice, thus showing that every offerer has need, day by day, to offer atonement for his daily transgressions. And when we remember that both at the daily holocausts of the lambs, and at the many sacrifices of thanksgiving and petition, the blood was thus poured out, (not to forget the thousands of annual Paschal lambs), what a lesson was this for the Jews throughout hundreds of years, and for us too, viz., that all the human efforts and gifts would have been entirely unavailing, had not the merciful Father sent His Son as man into the world, and had He not accepted His sacrificial death and the shedding of His Precious Blood in atonement of our sins. When we remember that this implied not only the painful tearing of His Sacred Body, but also the agony of Gethsemani and the terrible desolation on the cross, by which we had to be saved, we were undoubtedly justified on a former occasion to see in the



*myrrh* of the Magi the *sacrifice of atonement* symbolized; for myrrhs are bitter, but at the same time powerful in healing wounds and preserving the body from corruption.

As St. Paul points out, all these terrible sufferings accrued exclusively to our redemption and benefit; for Our Lord had no need, like the high priest of old, first to atone for his own sins, because the Son of God was most pure and sinless even as man. And there was added to every pain and humiliation an infinite value, because His acts and sufferings were those of a Divine Person. For this reason, He not only atoned for all the sins of the world, past and future, but He merited also all the graces humanity ever needs. With these His merits He filled, as it were, all the holy sacraments, and established them as channels, through which His pardoning and sanctifying graces should flow into these souls who desire them. Thus, the water from His side cleanses us in the sacraments of the dead, His precious and living Blood nourishes us in Holy Communion, whilst the other sacraments convey special strength.

#### OUR SACRIFICE OF ATONEMENT

Though Our Lord made us so rich in grace, as compared with the chosen people of old, we should in one respect be poorer than they were, if we had no sacrifice and victim to offer to the Father for our sins. But Our Lord has in this regard also made the most wonderful provision for us. The holy Council of Trent teaches us explicitly (Sess. 22, chap. 2): "*This sacrifice (of holy Mass) is truly propitiatory . . . if we draw nigh unto God with fear and reverence . . . For the Lord, by the oblation thereof appeased, and granting the grace and gift of penitence, forgives even heinous crimes and sins.*"

From these words we are not to conclude that holy Mass is a substitute for the sacrament of penance, but that it offers to us the most valuable gift of contrition, without which no actual sin, neither the greatest nor the smallest are ever forgiven. If we offer holy Mass in union with, and through, the priest at the altar for our sins, we can hope for the pardon, which the good thief implored; and if our contrition arises from loving gratitude like that of St. Mary Magdalen, much will be forgiven us, even in the way of temporal punishment; so that every Christian, who with these dispositions takes part in the holy Sacrifice, may return home justified like the penitent publican, although there would still remain the duty of confessing those grievous sins which have not previously been accused in the tribunal of penance.

Holy Church will not let us forget that we need this *sacrifice of atonement daily*. In each holy Mass she makes us confess our sinfulness in the Confiteor, pray for the intercession of the

saints, and ask God's pardon in the repeated *Kyrie* and *Christe eleison*. The profound inclinations of the priest and the striking of the breast are ceremonies teaching us the need of humility and compunction of heart. The offering of the bread is expressly made for "*my innumerable sins, offenses, and negligences,*" and afterwards we ask the Lord to accept our gifts on account of our humility and contrition of heart. The words of consecration, pronounced over the chalice, fill us with hope and confidence, for in them our Lord assures us that it is the same Precious Blood, which on the cross was shed for the remission of our sins. Again, the "*Agnus Dei,*" the prayers before Holy Communion, and the "*Domine non sum dignus,*" all express the spirit of contrition, and our need of pardon, but also of hope in the remission of sins through the holy Sacrifice.

By it Our Lord wants us to gain all the advantages which he purchased for us by His bloody sacrifice of the cross, and without which no child of Adam could be saved; for even the saints of the Old Testament whom Saint John saw in heaven, clothed in white garments (Apoc. 7:9, 14), had washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb. If we do not use the holy Sacrifice wisely, it will be our own fault if we remain stained in the sight of God.

#### The Same Everlasting Sacrifice

(Continued from page 547)

consummated. Nineteen hundred years have run their course, yet we have the Holy Sacrifice to-day as the Christians of the first century. Is the Mass to-day the same as it was then? In essence, yes: in detail, partially yes, partially no. This account of the Mass of primitive Christianity compared with to-day's Holy Sacrifice, shows the differences, how they originated, why (in some cases) they were introduced. Detail makes little difference. The member of Christ's true Church could recognize the Holy Sacrifice at any time from the first offering to this day, for did not Our Lord say "I know Mine and Mine know Me"? We cannot but conclude that the Mass is "*idem Sacrificium*"—"the same holy sacrifice." May we add to that "*idem Sacrificium*" the word "*aeternum*"—"eternal"? Indeed we may. The Mass has been the same since the beginning of the Christian era, and our Faith in the promise of Our Lord—"Lo, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world!" prompts us to say with great belief "the same Most Holy Sacrifice, world without end. Amen."

The custom of fasting from midnight prior to receiving the Blessed Sacrament is based upon the natural reverence which is its due.

## Eucharistic Thoughts

F. V.

Holy Communion helps us to realize better the sacrificial value of Calvary: the same Lamb of God is daily slain before our very eyes in a mystical manner.

When we have been exposed to the inclement weather of temptation, let us draw near to that radiator of divine warmth and love—the Holy Eucharist.

Angels adore in awed silence while human beings speak heart to heart with their Eucharistic King.

Reflect a moment on what you become when you receive the Blessed Sacrament—your body is then a living tabernacle of the living God.

Holy Communion dispels doubts as sunshine scatters shadows.

"God is wonderful in His holy places," sang the Psalmist; and one of His *holy places* is *your heart*.

There is no lurking place for vice when the Author of light and grace has penetrated the secret recesses of the heart.

The marvelous events which happened at the Last Supper are called to mind by every Holy Mass.

No one who kneels before the Altar-throne of God is ever refused an audience.

The true Christian seeks to lose himself in Christ.

The liberality of God is personified in the Holy Eucharist.

The effects of a good Communion are more penetrating than electricity.

### Adoration

VIRGINIA EBERHART

O Jesu! Who didst drink the royal cup  
Thy Father gave, and in Thy willing Hand,  
All pierced, and red with blood, didst lift it up,  
Obedient still to His divine command—  
Now let me press my lips to that dear Cup,  
Whose dregs are sweet, when Thou hast drained the  
wine.

O Royal Son!—Whom God hath lifted up  
Forevermore—His true and living Vine!

## Thumbnail Sketches of Europe

(Continued from page 544)

Then along comes someone to take the joy out of our story by saying that Mausethurm, the German word for Mouse Tower, is probably a corruption of another word that means "toll tower" or "arsenal," and that the tower was not built until the thirteenth century! Since 1856, although a ruin, it has served as a watch-tower for signalling steamers, as those going downstream must slacken speed here, when others are coming upstream.

Thus Legend is assailed by history! Nevertheless, the story of the mice will not be forgotten. Southey in his poem, "Bishop Hatto," has rescued the name and the story of the cruel Archbishop from oblivion.

"Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted  
The stranger fain would linger on his way!"

—Byron.

The color and form of the Host are the swaddling clothes of the Divine Infant.

### The Call

NANCY BUCKLEY

When I left old Ireland 'twas springtime  
And, sure, there were wings on my feet;  
But now 'tis back I'll be going  
When the hawthorn blows white and sweet.

In my soul there is longing and sorrow;  
I hearken again to the call;  
I want the old home on the hillside—  
I was foolish to leave it at all!

Oh, I know that the turf fire blazing  
Will bring back the warmth to my heart...  
Whenever I see a bird flying,  
'Tis then that my quick tears start.

### Resurrection

EDITH TATUM

Why does the spring  
Come back again  
With greening tree  
And silver rain?

Why does the earth  
Each season burn  
With tiny flames  
At her return?

If barren fields  
Glow, filled with bloom....  
Can Life be held  
Within a tomb?

?

# KWEERY KORNER

?

REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

## Rules for the Question Box

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the questions.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

**NOTE:**—The Editor of Kweery Korner Column again kindly asks his questioners to refer to his article in the December, 1928, issue of THE GRAIL. It is impossible to answer particular cases in the "Korner" and likewise impossible for him to send special answers to questioners by mail. Also, questions once answered in the "Kweery Korner" will not be answered a second time.

*Can a divorced Catholic marry in Church the second time?*—New Orleans, La.

**NOTE:**—The editor of "Kweery Korner" takes this opportunity to tell his questioners that particular marriage cases cannot readily be answered in this department. General questions concerning the teaching of the Church on marriage will gladly be answered. But, in order to safely answer in public a question concerning a particular marriage case, the editor would have to know every detail concerning the persons themselves and concerning the marriage itself. For example: were the parties both unbaptized or baptized and when and by whom; where did the marriage take place and when and before whom; and what was every detail of that former marriage? etc., etc. It is therefore desirable that questioners take particular marriage cases to their pastors or their confessors: "Kweery Korner" will gladly answer general matrimonial questions; but cannot consider particular cases.

This will answer, I trust, my questioner from New Orleans, as well as the one from Buffalo, N. Y.

*How is it that unbelievers can be saved? Is Baptism and Faith no longer necessary to salvation?*—Cincinnati, Ohio.

Baptism and faith are both absolutely necessary unto salvation. If you take the word "unbeliever" in its strict sense, such a person cannot be saved, should that person persevere in actual unbelief until death. The heathen and pagan can, however, be saved, providing that they act the best they can, according to the light and the grace that God gives them. If they do everything they can, in accordance with the light they have, we hold that they are baptized by the baptism of desire and that they actually do believe. For the rest of your difficulty I would advise you to seek the advice of a good confessor.

*Will you kindly name for me the Patron Saint of water sports?*—Springfield, Mass.

As such, there is no patron saint of water sports. Taking "water sports" in its strict sense, it would be rather out of place to imagine that such "sport" should have a patron saint. Saint Christopher is invoked for safe journey over water. The scapular of Our Blessed Lady is worn by many who swim. When done with a

devout intention, the practice is to be very highly commended.

*May a Catholic receive Holy Communion more than once between confessions, if he has not committed a mortal sin? What is considered a reasonable time for receiving the sacrament of penance between Communions?*—Oakland, Calif.

This matter, first of all, is one that should be left entirely to the direction of your regular confessor. And the frequent communicant will do very well to choose a regular confessor. No, it is not necessary to go to confession each time that one goes to Holy Communion, provided, of course, that the communicant is not in the state of mortal sin. The law of the Church is that one is obliged to go to confession once a year. Strictly speaking, one could go to Communion every day and only have to go to confession once during the year, saving always, that the person has no mortal sin on the soul. But such a practice is not to be recommended. Pious souls approach the tribunal of penance each week—longer than two weeks between confessions is not advisable as a rule, even to perfect souls who communicate daily.

*What do the letters IHS stand for—do they stand for "I have suffered?"*—Brighton, Colo.

They do not. The three letters you mention in your question are not English letters at all, but are three Greek letters, namely *Iota*, *Eta*, and *Sigma*. They are the first three letters of the Greek word *Jesus*. The three letters are an abbreviation for the name *Jesus*. It should be noted that in using these letters on emblems, mottoes, vestments, etc., that they should be made only as the Capital English Letters I and H and S.

*When a person has only venial sins to confess and wilfully omits one is the confession an unworthy one?*—Tell City, Ind.

No. Venial sins may be forgiven in many ways outside of actually confessing them and having them absolved. It is, of course, most commendable to confess all the venial sins in confession. Where the penitent is a regular one and has only venial sins to confess, it is considered advisable by spiritual doctors to concentrate on the predominant venial sin each week until improvement in that particular direction is noticeable. The author of "The Imitation of Christ" wisely says: "If every year we rid ourselves of one fault we would soon become perfect."

*Is it a sin not to make a mission?*—Ft. Collins, Colo.

A mission is a very special grace of God given for the betterment of one's spiritual life. Whilst one could not absolutely be convicted of sin in not making a mission given at the parish church to which he belongs, yet it is a refusal of divine grace and the person refusing to make the mission lays himself open to serious spiritual danger. Salvation depends upon our using each of a chain or series of graces. If we break this chain or series of graces, succeeding graces come with greater difficulty and the work of saving our souls is seriously impeded. Since a mission is one of the greatest graces that we can receive, it is easy to see how not cooperating with the same is a great hindrance to salvation and perfection and may become the source of future sins.

*What should be done with old religious articles that can no longer be used?*—Ft. Scott, Kans.

Religious articles that can no longer be used should be burned and the ashes buried or disposed of in some

(Continued on page 565)

## Notes of Interest

### From the Field of Science

—Some day 'Notes from the Field of Science,' gathered by some genius great enough to attract world-wide attention, will be typed on an instrument similar to a typewriter, and the roll run through a transmitting instrument for thousands of publications throughout country. Typesetting by telegraph has come. The typesetting machine of the ordinary publication can be connected with a central telegraph station, to have the message set directly into type. The first great use will be for daily news.

—The engineer too highly specialized may suffer from want of a broad outlook in his work. A large school of engineering has announced that its courses in the future will be rather in general engineering principles than in specialized courses.

—The airplane industry seems to offer the next great field for phenomenal expansion. The great industrial development will of course bring in its wake the speculation in such stocks. Already competent authorities are warning the public against indiscriminate purchases of such stocks.

—Atlantic City is to have the world's largest hall, seating 40,000 people.

—Paris reports a serum that is both a preventive of, and cure for, yellow fever.

—The quantities of copper found in drinking water and foods, have been found not only harmless, but even beneficial to the human body.

—Radio waves travel better by night than by day. An interesting application of this truth is made in the 'beam' transmission from England to Australia. Special antenna are capable of directing the radio waves in one direction, just as we can direct sound waves with a megaphone. The distance from England to Australia is half way around the world. Hence advantage of 'beam' transmission and night transmission are combined, by directing the waves for twelve hours through one dark hemisphere, and then reversing the direction for the other twelve hours, when the other half of the earth becomes dark.

—In radio we appear to have a transition period. The trend is to the light-socket received, with the elimination of A and B batteries.

—Ham and eggs have been vindicated by science. Or in scientific language, lean pork is rich in vitamin B, but low in the fat-soluble vitamin A, whereas eggs are rich in the vitamin A, but low in the vitamin B. In other words, they balance.

—One of the outstanding features of the Panama Canal is the wise provision to take care of future expansion. A third set of locks can readily be added along side the present locks, should need arise.

—The talking movies have come to stay. There are two basic principles on which they work. The one is typified by the Vitaphone. In this the sound is record-

ed on a disc, which is synchronized with the picture projected on the screen. The other is illustrated by the Movietone. In this the sound waves in recording, are changed into light waves and photographed along side the actual film. When the picture is projected, the light waves on the edge of the film fall upon a special photo-electric cell, which reconverts the light waves into sound waves. Many interesting problems arise as to the future of the talking film. The prophets are all at sea, but the safest prediction appears to be that the talking movies will develop a technique of their own, rather than merely reproduce the spoken drama.

### "APPLIED" SCIENCE

—American exports are advancing by leaps and bounds,—especially the flivver.

—If all the house work will be done by machinery in the future, it will be done.

—The advance of airplanes may lead to building bill boards flat on the ground.

—Perhaps it's the good in goodness that dies young.

—The living room is often a detour from the bedroom to the garage.

—Currency is said to be covered with germs,—this is why the majority of people are healthy.

—Radio is said to be killing jazz, but it has not succeeded in removing the remains.

—Wanted: an inventor to put the necessary vitamins into the things you like.

—Sometimes the fault of vanity is not a sin but only a mistake.

—Goat serum has been found a preventive of measles.

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

### Benedictine

—We read in the *Boletín de Información Benedictina* that the International Benedictine College of St. Anselm has 114 students this year. Of these the Cassinese Congregation furnishes four; the English, twelve; the Hungarian, two; the Bavarian, six; the Swiss, four; the American Cassinese, fourteen; the Beuronese, eleven; the American Swiss, six; the Subiaco, seventeen; the Austrian: that of St. Joseph, five; that of the Immaculate Conception, seven; the St. Ottilien, five; the Belgian, two; other branches of the Order, fifteen.

—The solemn inauguration of the faculty of philosophy in the Benedictine University of Salzburg, Austria, took place on Nov. 25, the feast of St. Catharine, patroness of philosophy. Many church dignitaries and government officials of rank took part in the brilliant affair. Among the former were all the bishops of Austria with Cardinal Piffl at their head, also the majority of the German abbots. Cardinal Piffl celebrated Pontifical High Mass, after the Gospel of which Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich gave a very eloquent expo-



sition of the Holy Father's encyclical *Rerum Orientalium*. In the afternoon the guests assembled in the great hall of the University where they were addressed by Abbot Peter Klotz of Salzburg Abbey, who read the letter of the Holy Father conceding to the University the right to confer academic degrees. Chancellor Mgr. Seipel and other speakers followed, but the principal address was made by Dom Louis Mager, of Beuron Abbey, now a professor at the Salzburg University. The celebration closed with the Apostolic Benediction (Abbot Klotz had been empowered by the Holy Father to give this blessing in his name) and the singing of the German and the Austrian national hymns.

—Dom Adalbert Gresnigt, O. S. B., a well-known architect who is at the Catholic University of Peking, China, was invited by the Apostolic Delegate to China to draw up plans in Chinese architecture for a regional seminary in Southern China.

—The celebration of the fourteenth centenary of the founding of the Abbey of Monte Cassino by St. Benedict in 529 began on March 21, the feast of the holy founder. The celebrations will continue until in September when they will close with a Eucharistic congress.

—Rt. Rev. Placidus Fuerst, O. S. B., second Abbot of Mt. Angel Abbey, who resigned in 1921, has been transferred from Tillamook to the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church, Portland, Oregon.

—The Ven. Dom Albert Kuhn, O. S. B., S. T. D., of Einsiedeln, Switzerland, renowned as a student of art and for his history of art, died on Feb. 6 of pneumonia. Dom Albert, who was in his ninetieth year, was born on Nov. 26, 1839. On Sept. 5, 1858, he made his religious profession and on May 21, 1864, he was ordained to the priesthood.

### *Benedictine Mission Notes*

On Dec. 3, 1928, the Holy Father bestowed the cross "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" on Cassian Gama Jawalika, a Catholic Negro teacher at Lituhi, Tanganyika Territory, East Africa, in recognition of his faithful and apostolic services whereby he saved several thousand souls from relapsing into paganism. The expulsion of the German Benedictines by the English, during the great war, left the flock without a shepherd for a number of years, but Cassian untiringly watched over the people, teaching and encouraging them, and bravely withstood the enticements of sectarian officials. He filled the place of priest as far as a layman is capable of doing so.

Lituhi, which is now a flourishing station again with a staff of five Fathers, four Brothers, and six Benedictine Sisters, lies in the territory of the Abbey Nullius of Lindi, the first Benedictine abbey in all Africa in modern times, being erected a little more than a year ago. The first Abbot-Ordinary, the Rt. Rev. Gallus Steiger, O. S. B., received the abbatial benediction on June 17, 1928. The abbey now has thirty-three Fathers and twenty-eight Brothers; there are also some twenty-five Benedictine Sisters working there among whom is the twin sister of the Abbot. The Catholics, who number about 36,000, are being attended from twelve

stations; numerous schools dot the country. Hospital work is under the direction of Sister Thecla who holds the degree of M. D.

A number of native girls have joined the religious state and the abbey has just hopes of getting native Brothers; two years ago a seminary for candidates for the Priesthood was opened.

The Vicariate of Dar-es-Salaam was formerly in charge of this Benedictine Congregation, but after the expulsion it was entrusted to the Swiss Capuchins. These Benedictine missionaries also work in Korea, Zululand, Philippine Islands, and Venezuela. Their American house is the Little Flower Monastery, Newton, N. J., lately raised to a priory.

3000 lay persons divided in some thirty courses made their retreat at the Archabbey at St. Ottilien, Bavaria, in 1928, and nearly 500 couples were married at the Lady Altar in the archabbey church.

Herr Stelzer, tailor and sexton of the village of Eggham, Bavaria, is the father of ten children who entered religion. Of these one son is a Benedictine priest, another is a Brother in the same monastery, and eight girls are nuns of the Good Shepherd.

Having been expelled from East Africa during the war, and thus forced to spend a number of years in Europe, the Rev. Clement Kuenster, O. S. B., sailed again for his beloved mission on Dec. 2, 1928, at the age of 68 years.

FR. LAMBERT, O. S. B.

### *Eucharistic*

—Father John F. O'Hara, C. S. C., of Notre Dame University, shows by means of a chart the number of Holy Communions that were received by students at the University last year. The daily average for the school year was 1,324. The total amount for the year was 211,226. Father O'Hara is doing a very highly commendable work in promoting frequent and daily Communion among the students of the University.

—A national Eucharistic congress is to be held this coming June at Durban in South Africa. Out of a population of 7,000,000 inhabitants only about half a million are Catholics.

—The priests of the Diocese of Covington gathered at the Cathedral on Feb. 22 to observe Priest's Eucharistic Day. Four papers were read and discussed: Pius X and the Communion of Children; Liturgical Reforms of Pius X; Relation between the Breviary and the Missal; Active Participation of the Faithful in the Sacred Mysteries. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the people attended a thanksgiving service to commemorate the signing of the agreement of the Holy See and the Kingdom of Italy.

—The St. Andrew Daily Missal continues to prove popular with the laity. During the year which closed on Dec. 31, 1928, 14,491 copies of this missal were sold by the importers, the E. M. Lohmann Co., of St. Paul. This missal with its splendid explanatory notes, references, and directions is eminently suitable for helping the laity to follow the Holy Sacrifice intelligently.



# Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## Our Sioux Indian Missionaries

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

## Mission Activities

In reading over various magazines and Catholic papers, one sees reports of many mission activities, especially by boys and girls in colleges and academies. These have organized themselves into clubs and mission circles, hold sales of various kinds, give plays and card parties, and have regular monthly dues which are all devoted to the missions. Some Catholic high schools, too, have lunch rooms from which the proceeds of all food sold are given to the missions. This shows that our young folks are taking a lively interest in the work of those "on the firing line" of the Faith, who are bearing all the hardships, doing even without necessities, so that every cent that is sent in to them may keep the mission schools and chapels going.

While this is true of our schools and colleges, whose reverend teachers do all they can to keep alive and burning the fire of zeal for our missions; yet we hear of very few older people's clubs or circles, and these ought to be able to do more, in the way of funds, than the youngsters, who have nothing but their slender allowances to draw on. How many ladies, who love to play bridge, have ever given a thought to "playing bridge for the missions"? Why not combine their favorite pastime with a worthy cause? One zealous woman gave euchre parties in her garden during the summer months for the benefit of her parish church. Why not for the missions?

There was another young lady, an alumna of a certain Catholic college, who moved in high society, and when her *Alma Mater* built a new wing and ran out of funds for furnishings, she, with some influential friends, organized a "mammoth bridge party" as it was called, engaging the "Red Room" of one of the best hotels, and setting her price accordingly. Many women were glad to be seen playing bridge in company with the "best society," and the consequence was that a substantial profit was the result—enough to buy at least half the furnishings needed. Her brilliant success spurred her on to organize a regular circle of her friends, who continued giving these parties, always devoting the proceeds to some charity or other.

## Why Not Organize?

What these ladies have done, others might do—perhaps not on such a lavish scale, but according to their means. Anyone who has a circle of faithful friends might organize such a Mission Club with much incidental pleasure and enjoyment to themselves, and a definite profit for the struggling missions fighting so hard to carry on their work. Poverty is the greatest handicap of our Catholic missions to-day. Had our Sisters and priests a ready fund to draw on, they might take in numberless children who knock for admittance on their doors, and must sadly be turned away for lack of space and means of support.

It is time that we awaken to the seriousness of this question of the poverty of our missions. There was an

astonishing article in one of our Catholic newspapers about the Seventh Day Adventists—a Protestant sect with a total membership of 110,422, scattered throughout the United States, in Canada, Alaska, and Bermuda. These members donate to their missions through a 60-cent-a-week fund, and the total amount collected in 1928 amounted to the very substantial sum of \$2,820,114. In proportion to the generosity in which this very small sect gave to their missions, if the Catholics of the United States gave the same, per capita, we would yearly realize \$500,000,000. Would not that be a magnificent sum with which to carry on our Lord's work? But alas! The majority of Catholics seem indifferent to the crying need of our poverty-stricken missions; they possess the pearl of the true Faith, but care nothing about the millions who do not possess it. They feel about their religion as one does about one's nationality—something one is born with and taken for granted. Surely it is but a lethargy—a somnolent state, from which they only need be awakened in order to respond. Surely they cannot be so indifferent to the welfare of the suffering thousands our faithful missionaries are trying single-handed to help, that they will turn a deaf ear to them.

## Some Missionary Clubs

In Chicago there is a group of zealous friends of Father Sylvester, of St. Paul's Mission at Marty, who give a big bunco party every year for the benefit of his mission. They invite Father to be present, and he



MARGARET GOODHOUSE AND HER GRANDFATHER

makes the trip by motor car, taking along a number of his Indian kiddies, who wear real Indian costumes—beaded suits and dresses, and feathered headdresses, in which they perform tribal dances to the great delight of the assembled friends. Every year this party has been increasing in size, until last year they were obliged to engage a very large hall, since the year before a great number of people were obliged to crowd in the small hall. They prepared for the same kind of party again this year, and hoped to make even a greater success than last year—which amounted to a thousand dollars in profit. All who attend the party enjoy themselves so much every year that they leave a standing order with the committee to be sure and let them know when the party will take place next year.

In Detroit, there is a group of young men who call themselves "The Goodwill Group," who have banded themselves together for the purpose of aiding the missions. They have been sending in regular donations every month to Father Ambrose for the reconstruction of his mission buildings, which were lost in the fire.

A group of sodality girls down in Louisville, Ky., some years ago wrote in for a mission address to which they wished to send a box of Christmas gifts. The girls each brought several things, and they had great fun packing the articles and wondering who would get them. The address was furnished them, and they have now organized themselves into a regular Mission Circle, having monthly meetings, and are doing a great deal of good by their activities.

Now these are all good beginnings, and perhaps there are other groups who have organized themselves for this laudable purpose, of whom we do not know. We wish these groups would write in to the Grail Mission Corner and tell us all about their doings in detail; we will print their letters so that others will be encouraged to take up this mission movement, so that no longer will our zealous missionaries have to fight alone and unaided, but will have the happy feeling that the folks back home are behind them "to a man." Let us hear from our girls and young men, from our married men and women. Have you ever experienced the pleasure of running a thoroughly enjoyable affair, and then sending the proceeds to a needy missionary and receiving his letter of surprise and happiness and thanks? Try it; it is a new thrill. Something that never becomes stale—the happiness of doing good to others. Write CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo., all about the new mission club or circle you and your friends are organizing, or about the old one that has been running for sometime, and let us exchange views and ideas.

### *Seven Dolors Indian Mission*

Father Ambrose writes that the Grey Nuns at his mission need a typewriter. They prefer an L. C. Smith and a re-conditioned one will be satisfactory, if a new one is not to be had. Now, our readers responded most readily to the plea for sewing machines, and before very long, Father Ambrose had the number of machines required for the number of children he expects to take in. Send money to CLARE HAMPTON, or, if anyone has a typewriter in good condition that he does not need, the Sisters would be more than grateful for it. These faithful nuns have labored at Seven Dolors for more than fifty years, and since the fire, have had to do without many things they sorely needed, even sleeping for a time on borrowed beds. So anyone helping them will be doing a great charity and be certain of a most loving remembrance in their prayers.

We print a picture of Margaret Goodhouse and her grandpa; they are standing just outside their cabin, which is made of logs, as you can see. Last spring her grandmother died, and she has been living with her grandfather ever since, and Father Ambrose states that the charity boxes that kind friends have sent in, have

done much for the comfort of this child. She is covered from head to foot with tubercular ulcers, and has been for a long time. Though badly crippled by reason of these ulcers, she must care for herself, and besides that, she is very industrious about the house and garden. One day Father Ambrose called, thinking they might be in destitute circumstances, and perhaps need food. "Oh no," replied Grandpa to Father's question, "we have lots. Margaret planted a garden, you know, and we have several sacks of potatoes and three bags of beans." Isn't that wonderful of a child of ten, maimed from head to foot and obliged to use a crutch to get about?

### *School Desks Needed*

Now that spring is here, work will begin again on the new Little Flower School, and Father Ambrose must think of the furnishings for it. He wants to get school desks, but the price of new ones is \$7.00 apiece, including freight, and he is obliged to stretch his money as far as possible. So he suggests that perhaps some Grail reader may know of some place where second-hand school desks may be obtained; also three teachers' desks and some second-hand wardrobes for the Sisters' use. Anyone knowing of such articles kindly write CLARE HAMPTON, or write Father Ambrose direct.

He further writes words of thanks to Grail readers: "I cannot say too much in appreciation of the generous help given by readers of THE GRAIL. Their zeal in the extension of God's kingdom in the hearts of our little coppered cherubs is indeed encouraging to us."

### *Immaculate Conception Mission*

There has been much snow in these parts, heavy blizzards, and very low temperatures. The flu kept many victims in their beds; several of the sisters had it too, but fortunately everyone is all right again. The children are busy in the kitchen, bakery, laundry, barns, learning many useful things which will help them to get along in later life when they must fend for themselves. Indians have a natural gift for plain and fancy sewing, drawing and music. Quite a few take lessons on the piano and violin, and through their natural talent and eagerness to learn, later develop into very creditable players. Surely it is a wonderful work of these good missionary sisters and priests to take these untaught children of the plains, and instill into them the love of God and all good and useful occupations.

Quite a number of young women on this reservation are experts on the piano, and Father Justin was much surprised one Sunday on a trip to Big Bend when a young girl came to him and asked if he wished to have High Mass. She had practiced it and got through it very well; her sister, who is a good pianist, played the organ during the Mass.

"Last Sunday," he continues, "there was a sick call after Mass to Camel Creek, about 20 miles from here; an old lady, the wife of a former medicine man, was sick." She was a Catholic, and after Father gave her Holy Communion, she asked him to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which he did. In spite of her pain, the old lady sat up in bed and joined in as loudly as Father himself. But she is singing Nearer My God in Heaven now.

### *St. Paul's Mission*

All winter the boys of St. Paul's have been practicing on their horns and drums. "Luckily," says Father Sylvester, "there are no nervous people in our community who might be shocked by these good-will manifestations of our little beginners. But little by little things have improved, and now the boys can play a number of pieces without shocking anybody very much. They

(Continued on page 573)





AGNES BROWN HERING

**MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:**—April is here! Isn't it queer, bringing us treasures our hearts hold most dear. Springtime and flowers, bright golden hours, sunshine and shadow, and refreshing showers. It is so easy to say things about April, isn't it?

April days are sunny, April days are funny, so wear your rubbers, Honey! April's here!

April is weeping, flowers are sleeping, and children are keeping indoors; chickens are peeping, birdies are cheeping, Towser lies sleeping in snores!

And here's another thought: Pleasant ways, happy days, tuneful lays, that's April!

#### BIBLE VERSES

Learn one of these verses each day.

Pride goeth before destruction: and the spirit is lifted up before a fall.

Old age is a crown of dignity, when it is found in the ways of justice.

If the world hate you, know that it hath hated me before you.

He that loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not?

The patient man is better than the valiant: and he that ruleth his spirit better than he that taketh cities.

He that feareth man shall quickly fall; he that trusteth in the Lord shall be set on high.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the holy is prudence.

O Lord, deliver my soul from wicked lips, and a deceitful tongue.

God resisteth the proud, but to the humble he giveth grace.

#### THE PUSSY WILLOW

The pussy willows do not grow into large trees. The twigs are covered with buds some of which are large and round, while others are small and pointed. The small buds contain the leaves, and the large buds contain a mass of soft, shining, silvery gray fur, which are the blossoms. As they come out they look like little pussies clinging to the twig. As they grow longer they form tassels and are called catkins. Each tassel is made up of many blossoms, which are of two kinds. The blossoms of one tree are made up of two stamens and a leaf each, and those from the other a single pistil and a leaf. The gray fur is a protection from the cold. As the tassels grow longer, the staminate blossoms are covered with bright yellow pollen. The pistillate blossoms are green. The good God has provided that the bees carry pollen from one tree to the other and these little messengers are very faithful. When the staminate blossoms have done their work, the whole tassel falls off, and the others remain on the trees to form seeds.

#### ROBIN REDBREAST

The robin has a brown back, a rusty-red breast, and black head and feet. In moist climates his plumage is brighter, and the papa robin has brighter plumage than the mama robin. They like a moderate climate best and can stand quite a little cold.

Robins build their nests early in the spring and since they are not timid they build quite near houses, their favorite place being an apple tree, though they often build among the vines that cover the porches. They use sticks, grass, strings, cotton, and anything they can pick up in building their nests. The mother bird does the carpenter work but the father bird brings the material and he also brings the mud to plaster the nest. Do you know how the robins smooth the plaster? The mother sits in the nest and turns round and round. They use cotton or grass for a bed but I think they do not use pillows.

The mother robin lays four blue eggs and sits on them all day to keep them warm. Once in a while the father sits on the eggs so to relieve the mother bird.

The baby birds have big heads and no feathers and are not one bit pretty. The father robin brings worms and bugs, and fruit and grain for them to eat, but the babies like the worms the best of all. A robin can eat many worms in a day. He also is fond of cherries, but he more than pays for the cherries he eats, since he destroys many harmful insects.

One day I saw a robin hop into a mud puddle. In his bill were two sticks crossed. He hopped right into the middle of the puddle and put his bill in the mud. When he lifted his head, the sticks were covered with mud. Then he flew away to his nest to plaster his house with mud.

#### ROBIN REDBREAST

Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
Sing a song to me,  
Of green grass in the meadow,  
And green leaf on the tree;  
I'm tired now of skiing,  
And skating on the ice,  
Spring, and birds, and flowers,  
I really think are nice.

Oh pretty Robin Redbreast,  
Pussy Willow's here,  
And over in the meadow  
Is promise of much cheer.  
Robin dear, you know it,  
For I heard you sing,  
Winter time is done for good,  
Welcome, Mistress Spring!

A. V. H.

#### AN EVENING WITH FATHER MOLLOY

By Elmer Charles Whalen (16), Third Year, Purcell High School, Cincinnati, O.

Bong . . . Bong . . . Bong. It was ten o'clock Sunday evening. The day was almost over.

Fr. John Molloy closed the book he had been reading and leaning far back in his great armchair sent little ringlets of smoke curling upward toward the ceiling. It was wonderful to relax like this for a few moments and think of really nothing at all. But as usual he found it utterly impossible. His thoughts drifted to his parishioners. He trusted they were all well, and he



*The Elegy to Date*

MYRTLE CONGER

The horns honk out the knell of parting day;  
 And man steps on the gas, and shifts the gears;  
 The motored throng hastes on its well-oiled way.—  
 The world has changed some with the passing years!

Now fade the glimmering tail lights on the sight;  
 And all the air, a gaseous odor holds;  
 The glaring headlights flood the ways with light,  
 Where once the dark shut in the drowsing folds.

To right and left now, filling stations stand,  
 And drivers there, of rates and tax, complain.  
 Electric signboards border all the land;  
 A barbecue adorns each country lane.

And in the camps beneath the wayside shade,  
 The dusty tourists stop to rest, or sleep;  
 While on the trails, in nightly serenade,  
 The whirring motors constant vigil keep.

Here, east is west, and west is east awhile;  
 Here, meet the great, the lowly and obscure;  
 And few may mock with a disdainful smile,  
 The other fellow's annals of the tour.

And here, some earlier Ford (the man) may rest;  
 Some Barney Oldfield born an age too soon;  
 Some Carl G. Fisher with a speedway zest;  
 Some Rockefeller with an oily boon.

The boasts of mileage, and the tests of power,  
 And all the prestige that fine cars e'er gave,  
 Join with the records broken every hour;—  
 The paths of gasoline haste to the grave.

Full many a task is left the coroner;  
 And few give pause to elegize the dead;  
 Full many a speeder rates so many per,  
 Though records show the *quick* are yet ahead.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife"  
 Can now no more be found upon the map;  
 The country now is like the city life,  
 Save in the styles and makes of cars, mayhap.

Anon, the horns honk in another day;  
 And man steps on the gas, and shifts the gears;  
 The motored throng hastes on its well-oiled way.—  
 The world has changed some with the passing years!

*Our Frontispiece*

St. Matthew (4:1) tells us that "Jesus was led by the spirit into the desert to be tempted by the devil." His thirty years of hidden life had come to a close. After a fast of forty days and forty nights, He was prepared to begin His public life, to teach men the road to heaven

by word as well as by example. It was then that the devil came to try his arts and wiles on the Son of man. His threefold attack sums up the three forces that try to keep us from the narrow, upward path. St. John enumerates these as "concupiscence of the flesh, concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life." (1 John 2:16.) Hunger for carnal pleasures, thirst for honors, and greed for riches, are the three sources of temptations, and the world, the flesh, and the devil, the three principal tempters. Of these the devil is the chief. As aides-de-camp he has the world outside us in which we live, and our own corrupt nature within us, which we bear about everywhere with us. Living in the midst of temptations and among such tempters, who beset our pilgrim path to heaven with such dogged persistence we might easily despair of ever reaching that happy goal in safety, but for two consoling thoughts. First, temptations in themselves are *not sins* until we consent to them, but *tests* of true worth and sterling loyalty to our divine King; and, secondly, we *can always overcome* even the most violent temptations through the ever-present help of Him Who was Himself tempted in order to teach us how to overcome our unseen, hell-bent foes.  
 —P. K.

*The Kweery Korner*

(Continued from page 557)

place where they will not be dishonored. If the article is of such a nature that it cannot be burned, the editor would advise that it be buried in a safe place. Perhaps the best way for all articles to be disposed of would be to give the same to your priest and let him make the disposition of them.

*I read your answer in the Grail some time ago about the names Pearl and Van. Are Bastel and Eileen Saints' names?—Chicago, Ill.*

Bastel is a corruption or nickname of Sebastian; Eileen is a variant of the name Helen. Both Sebastian and Helen are the names of great Saints in the Catholic Church.

*Should one consult the parish priest about one's vocation?—Paola, Kans.*

By all means. The proper one to consult in the matter of any vocation is the confessor in the confessional. In this matter, parents are not always a safe guide. The priest, in virtue of his long years of study, his experience with souls and the grace of his ministry, is fitted in a special manner to be a safe guide in this all-important point. And the editor of this column does not hesitate to add that, in case of a religious vocation, the penitent would do well to consult a confessor who is known to be perfectly in sympathy with the religious life.

*Fragments*

CATHERINE CATE COBLENZ

High above the Heavenly portals  
 A great rose window gleams;  
 Fashioned from the hopes of mortals,—  
 All their broken dreams.

Wrought in patterns by the Master,  
 A light forever streams  
 Through beauty set in alabaster,—  
 Glory from men's dreams.

### Abbey and Seminary

—Throughout the past winter we had considerable sickness to contend with both in Abbey and Seminary. The flu, followed by complications, and other ills visited us. Only one case proved fatal, that of Mr. Carlos Daele, a student of first philosophy in the Seminary, who died of pneumonia at St. Mary's Hospital, Evansville, in February. Father Benno our treasurer for half a century, now in his eighty-fourth year, and Bro. Blase, for long years pastry cook in the kitchen, have both been quite seriously ill and bedridden since early in February.

—Within recent months a large dynamo has been added to our lighting-system equipment. The two smaller dynamos that made up the plant did not produce the power needed. This, as the expert discovered after he had set up the new dynamo, was due in great measure to the fact that the large cables which transmit the power had not been properly connected, although the connections had been made by qualified electricians. Because of this error the two dynamos lost half of their efficiency.

—In what was the former billiard room of the old "shack" that used to be frequented by the seminarians in recreation periods, Father Lambert has installed modern laundry machinery for washing the bed linens, which is no small job for a numerous family of nearly five hundred. The ground floor of this same "shack" serves as the cannery, where, under the watchful eye of Bro. January, many gallons of fruit and vegetables are put up in due season to be consumed at other times of the year.

—With the aid of an efficient corps of workmen Father Peter has tiled the inner courts that are formed by college, seminary, church, and abbey to lead to a cistern at the power plant the water that flows from the surrounding roofs. This will be a slight saving of energy on pumps and other machinery, besides supplying the boilers with soft water. The surface water that gathers in the courts just referred to has been drained off to the west side.

—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the class of '04 falls on May 28th. Rt. Rev. Denis O'Donaghue, Auxiliary Bishop of Indianapolis, later transferred to Louisville, was the ordaining prelate. The following were the members of the class: Fathers Albert Kleber and Roman Roeper, both of the Abbey; Fathers Cornelius O. Bosler, Eugene Simon, John Becher, Lambert Weishaar, Vincent Dwyer, and Matthias Schmitz were ordained for the diocese of Indianapolis; Fathers August Meyer, Simon Roth, and Christopher Huelshorst were ordained by their own bishop for Sioux City; Rev. Albert Garstka, for Pittsburgh; Rev. Francis Guessen, for Lead. Fathers William Kreis, John McShane, Thomas Hoffman, and Edward Cobb came from other seminaries for ordination. Father Thomas Hoffman had made his classical course in our college but went to another seminary for philosophy and theology. Congratulations to the jubilarians.

—The "last word" in highway construction has not yet been spoken with regard to highway 62. During 1929 the completion of the bituminous-penetration-process on 62 from St. Meinrad to Louisville will be effected. This will give us a dustless road to the metropolis of Kentucky. The greater part of this work was done in 1928. Later on this surfacing will be replaced by Kentucky asphalt. From Leavenworth to Corydon another survey will "cut out" the steep hill and winding road at Leavenworth and the narrow stretch of road with its perpendicular wall of limestone. From the east side of St. Meinrad west to Dale we shall have a concrete slab road to connect with concrete-surfaced highway 45, which runs north and south. The State will take over the present county highway from Dale to its intersection with 62 near St. Meinrad. This will necessitate a new survey and a straightening out of some of the kinks and eliminating of an occasional hill-top. In the near future, then, a concrete ribbon will tie us to the principal cities of the country. This is truly a flying age, even if part of the "flying" barely skims over the surface of *terra firma*. For nearly seventy-five years St. Meinrad has been hemmed in by hills and woods and, in season, almost impassable and forbidding trails to the outer world have kept us shut in by ourselves with the charm of solitude. Now we are practically in the busy city with a stream of humanity constantly in transit.

—The feast of St. Benedict on March 21 this year had for us an added significance in that it was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the formal taking possession of the log cabin from which eventually St. Meinrad Abbey evolved. At least two of those present at the Pontifical High Mass in the Abbey Church had attended the first Solemn High Mass that was ever celebrated at St. Meinrad on the porch of the log cabin on that memorable morning of three quarters of a century ago. These were Father Benno, who because of physical weakness had been brought to church in a wheel chair, and his brother, Mr. Peter Gerber, of Ferdinand. They both vividly recall the procession from Ferdinand to St. Meinrad on March 21, 1854. Both being small boys at the time, they took delight enroute in ringing the bell that was brought along by ox team for the new foundation. The rainy day on which the pioneers took possession of their humble home, and which was mentioned in the sketch of last month, had its counterpart this year in the unpleasant weather on the day of the anniversary. Father Abbot was celebrant of the Pontifical High Mass; Father Dominic, rector of the College, served as first assistant at the throne; Father Louis, as second assistant; Father Albert, rector of the Seminary, deacon of the Mass; Father Richard, subdeacon; Father Benedict, assistant priest; Fathers Eberhard and Cyril, masters of ceremonies. Father Lambert preached the festive sermon. By its splendid singing the St. Gregory Chancel Choir added greatly to the solemnity of the occasion. Among the visitors present were the Benedictine Fathers Francis, Andrew, Chrysostom, Aloysius, and Boniface from near-by parishes; also present were Fathers C. O. Bosler, of Vincennes;

William Bastnagel, of Evansville; John Rodutsky, of Chrisney, and Leonard Wernsing, of Evansville, all priests of the diocese and alumni of our Seminary.

—Before early Mass on the morning of March 23, Father Abbot invested with the Benedictine habit four young men who had for some months been postulants for the brotherhood. One of these, Carl Ploessl, came from Bavaria; the three others—a sprig of shamrock—whose ancestors hail from the Emerald Isle, are Raymond Cain, from Cincinnati; Francis Joesph Friel (O'Friel), from St. Louis; Frank Moran, from Boston. These, with two others, who were invested some months ago, bring the number of brother novices to six. May God grant them the grace to persevere on the path that they have set foot; and may He put it into the hearts of other virtuous young men to follow their example. The way may be rugged, but it leads to paradise.

—Rev. Michael M. Merkl, class of '86, a priest of the Lincoln diocese, died at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Lincoln, on Feb. 13. Father Merkl was born at Dover, Ind.; Dec. 24, 1854. R. I. P.

—Two others of our alumni who recently went to their reward were Rev. Michael Heintzelmann, class of '91, pastor at Westphalia, Texas, and Rev. Robert P. Pratt, (College '87-'88) of the Fort Wayne diocese. R. I. P.

—The father of Rev. James Mills, a deacon in fourth year theology, and the mother of Bernard Spoelker, who is in his second year of philosophy, both passed to their eternal reward quite recently. The souls of the deceased are commended to the prayers of our readers. R. I. P.

### Book Notices

"My Mass Book"—by the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. (The Macmillan Co., 2459 Prairie Ave., Chicago). Two features stand out prominently in this little book to make it very attractive and recommendable to the children of the lower grades for whom it is intended: the 62 charming illustrations, principally from the Mass itself, and the accompanying simple prayers, usually the corresponding missal prayers, which are adapted to the child's mind. The idea of *cooblation* (the offering of priest and people together) is well stressed so that the child from the very beginning gets the correct notion as to its part in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. A. S.

"St. Francis Barracks, St. Augustine; The Franciscans in Florida," is an interesting paper which Abbot Charles H. Mohr, O. S. B., S. T. D., of St. Leo Abbey, has contributed to "The Florida Historical Quarterly" for January, 1929. Dr. Mohr produces documentary evidence to show the status of the early friars as well as their labors in Florida from the beginning. The convent at St. Augustine, over which the Spanish and British flags, as also the Stars and stripes, have flown successively, has long since been used for military purposes. All efforts to restore this property to the Church have been futile. F. B.

"The Catholic Telegraph Almanac and Directory for 1929," which is complimentary to subscribers to the Catholic Telegraph (Cincinnati), but 50¢ to purchasers, is a booklet of 108 pages that are packed with facts and a wealth of useful information not generally found in such compact form. F. B.

Friends of the Poor Souls will welcome the "Manual of the Purgatorian Society," containing spiritual reading and prayers for every day of the month as well as the ordinary prayers of the pious Catholic, which is published by the Redemptorist Fathers, of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, 173 East 3rd St., New York. The first part of this manual gives instruction on Purgatory and how to help the Poor Souls, while the remainder of the book is made up of prayers in behalf of these suffering souls. A. B.

"Princess Mamselle," by May A. Feehan, (published by The Bookery, P. O. Box 152, Chicago, price \$1.00), is a story that one reads without stopping. It is not for girls only, as the title seems to indicate, but boys and adults will enjoy it too. This interesting story is full of humor, yet at the same time so touching that one cannot help if it brings tears to the eyes. A. B.

From the Christopher Publishing House, 1140 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.:

(1) "A Tax Without a Burden" or the Individual Capital Augmentation Tax System, by George Reiter (price \$1.50 net). The system of a tax without a burden, according to the author, is not only very simple, but easy to learn and remember, and is not exposed to changes. He is of the opinion that every one who is interested in taxes should study this book. Moreover, when he comprehends the system well, he will be a supporter thereof. In course of time perhaps, our lawgivers may adopt it to the joy of everyone. A. B.

(2) "Happenings," a series of Sketches of the Great California Out-of-Doors, by W. P. Bartlett, (third edition, price \$2.00 net). These are true stories written by a Californian of more than fifty years' experience as journalist and man of the big, open space. The stories are well told and give us a lively picture of early California life in the desert and the mines. The reader will enjoy them. A. B.

(3) "The Diary of Garry Baldy," by Carleton Deedera, A. B., M. D., M. S. (Price \$1.50 net.) The author of this book writes for gentlemen whose "dome" shines like a billiard ball or is on the way thereto. Two thirds of the book is made up of blank pages to serve as a diary for readers, so that they may note the results of different treatments used and thus avoid the fate of the hero, who grew hair on the right side of his dome only and forgot what remedy he applied. A. B.

(4) "The Chequered Career of Ferdinand Rudolph Hassler," first superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, a chapter in the history of science in America, by Florian Cajori, Ph. D., Professor of the History of Mathematics in the University of California. (Price \$2.00 net.) This biography of Hassler occupies a place in the history of science in this country. It will be of interest especially to our scientists as Hassler was the organizer of the first great scientific bureau of the Federal Government in Washington. Hassler is one of several Swiss immigrants who have contributed vastly to our scientific and political life. The reader will find interesting chapters of the policy, red tape, and handicaps one meets in dealing with our government. A. B.

From the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.:

(1) "Pathways to the Faith" as trod by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P., and Admiral William S. Benson, U. S. N., Ret. (No. 1, price 5¢). As trod by Gilbert K. Chesterton, Hugh A. Law, and Cynthia Stockley (No. 2 price 5¢). The reader of these two pamphlets will be struck with wonder at the various ways in which Divine Providence leads men to the Church. In conversions to the Faith one can see that it is the grace of God that perfects this work in a wonderful manner. A. B.

(2) "The Beginnings of the Anglican Church," by Rev. H. E. G. Rope, M. A. (Price 7¢, \$5.00 per 100.) The student of history, especially of the Church, will find interesting data in this leaflet which deserves wide circulation. A. B.

(3) "First Aid" to the Dead, by F. J. Remler, C. M., (price 5¢) is a well-written and timely leaflet that will enlighten many as to how they should accept as coming from God the loss of one who is close and dear to them. How to assist the faithful departed is also shown. A. B.

"Catechetical Classes for Public School Catholics," by Rev. Joseph J. Mereto, (price 10¢) is a 24 page pamphlet printed by *Our Sunday Visitor*, Huntington, Ind. Pastors will find therein some practical points in the difficult task of instructing children who attend public schools. A. B.

From Mission Press, Techny, Ill.:

(1) "Electrons of Inspiration" are radio talks delivered over WGES, Chicago, by Rev. Nicholas J. Kremer (Father Nick). (Volume II; Price \$1.25.)

Father Nick's second volume will be welcomed not only by the "listeners in" but also by others who will draw from these talks practical lessons for life. If only the people of our generation would take interest in topics of this kind, they would find great benefit both for time and for eternity. A. B.

(2) "My Woodland Forge," by Frederick M. Link, S. V. D., (Price, \$1.00.) is a collection of poems on various subjects devotional and sentimental. They tell of the beauty of nature and of the Creator. Some poems are directed to the Blessed Virgin and other Saints. Lovers of poetry will enjoy them. A. B.

"Hints to Happiness for the Sick, Especially Patients in Hospitals," by Rev. T. Hegemann, S. J., published by the Queen's Work Press (3115 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.), is a pamphlet of very practical hints that deserves wide circulation. It will benefit not only the sick but also those who are in good health. A. B.

"Stations of the Way of the Cross"—Edition with Franciscan text. Colored illustrations by Bro. Max Schmalzl, C. SS. R. Frederick Pustet Co., (New York and Cincinnati.) Price, 15¢; dozen, \$1.50; 100, \$8.00. This is a beautiful booklet with artistic illustrations in color. Wherever this text is used at the Stations it will find ready friends. A. B.

"Immaculate Mother Help"—Ladies Pocket Prayer Book, compiled by Frederick A. Reuter. The publisher is John W. Winterich, Inc., 1707 E. 9th St., Cleveland, O. (Price \$1.00 to \$3.00 according to binding.)

This is a handy prayer book, of convenient size, and good print, with directions for the Ordinary of Mass printed in red, which adds to its practical value. The manual contains the usual devotions, gems of thoughts from noted authors, counsels of the saints and texts from Holy Scriptures. Catholic women are sure to be pleased with it. A. B.

From Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:

(1) "The Page of Christ"—the meaning of the office and the duties of an altar boy when serving at Mass, by Rev. Raymond J. O'Brien, Quigley Preparatory Seminary, with foreword by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Francis A. Purcell, D. D. Rector, Quigley Preparatory Seminary. (Price, 50¢; 25 copies, 38¢; 50 copies, 36¢; 100 copies 32¢ each.)

This neat bokolet, which is illustrated will be helpful to increase in the Mass server devotion and better understanding of his privileged office. A. B.

(2) "Come, Follow Me"—a simple statement of fundamental Catholic doctrines for Catholics or non-Catholics, by Rev. Patrick T. Quinlan, (Price, 20¢; 100 copies 15¢; 250 copies, 14¢.) is a practical booklet with paper cover, profusely illustrated. This booklet, which contains the essentials of Catholic Doctrine in simple language, is deserving of wide circulation. A. B.

(3) "The Forty Hours' Devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament," by Rev. J. E. Moffat, S. J., with illustrations after special drawings in accordance with the ceremonial of the Church. (Price 29¢; 100 copies, 15¢; 500 copies, 13¢.) The title of the booklet is self-explanatory. The contents consists of an introduction giving briefly the history, the liturgical and the spiritual meaning of the Forty Hours, together with a method of assisting at the Devotion. The prayers and the ceremonies are explained for the special use of the people, so that they may attend and follow this devotion with understanding. To these are added prayers and readings for two half-hour visits to the Blessed Sacrament. A. B.

(4) "With Saints and Sages" is a book of reflections and prayers, compiled and edited by Rev. F. X. Lasance, (796 pages; price, \$4.75 and \$6.00.)

This is a handy book of meditation. It contains counsels and reflections suitable for men and women in every walk of life; for all spiritual and mental moods in which men and women find themselves; for times of sorrow and for times of gladness; for times of elevation and depression. This book, while it acquaints Catholics with the thoughts of some of the wonderful minds that have graced the pages of the history of the Church, will be an aid to devotion. The price may prove an obstacle to a wide circulation. A. B.

(5) "The Sunday Missal" (Student's edition) for all the Sundays and principal feasts of the year, compiled by Rev. F. X. Lasance. (Bound in imitation cloth, red edges; price, \$1.00; to priests and religious, net \$9.00.)

"Read the Mass with the Priest" is very helpful in using the missal and understanding the Mass. As the faithful become more and more acquainted with the missal, they will draw greater benefit and spiritual joy in assisting at Mass. We recommend this edition also to the laity that they may follow the Mass more closely. A. B.

(6) "Sister Julia" (Susan McGroarty) Sister of Notre Dame de Namur, by Sister Helen Louise, A. M., Sister of Notre Dame de Namur, with introduction by Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. (376 pages; price, \$5.00; large 8vo; cloth with fifteen illustrations.)

This biography of a remarkable woman is also a history of Notre Dame de Namur in the United States, for Sister Julia was associated with the sisterhood almost from the day of its arrival at Cincinnati. It is in fact, an interesting chapter of the history of the Catholic Church in our country. Those who like history and bibliography will not tire of the volume. Our teaching sisters will derive great benefit from reading this book either in community or in private. A. B.





Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## The Alluring Path

THELMA'S VISIT—(Continued)

THEY drove downtown in Lucilla's smart little coupe, and after the fittings were over, they rode to the "Brass Kettle" for tea. The soft, beguiling tones of a Berceuse floated through the long room from an unseen radio cabinet, and love birds and canaries in gilt cages twittered and warbled, and filled the air with scintillating sound. The jade and gold-enamelled Windsor chairs and tabels were crowded with matinee goers, and the heavily padded floor of black-and-green-marbled linoleum was noiseless to the tread of the many who came and went. Thelma, starved for beautiful things, fairly basked and expanded in the restful atmosphere, fully alive to the daintiness of the service and surroundings. It was not often she was able to indulge her craving for enjoyment and the polite refinements of life, and she secretly envied Lucilla's full purse. Lucilla, on the other hand, paid but little attention to costly trappings, for her mind was nearly always dwelling in another world—a dreamworld, and a bare, poverty-stricken room would have made but little difference to her, so there was peace and absolute quiet there, in which to work. She knew by Thelma's heightened color that she was enjoying it, and it gave her pleasure to entertain her friend in various delightful ways, since she had long ago discovered the heart of gold beneath Thelma's flip-pant exterior.

"What will you have?" she asked, as a trim waitress handed them each a menu card.

"This is going to be my treat," replied Thelma with the air of a queen, "so let me do the ordering." She had secretly looked into her mesh bag and found she had exactly six dollars and eighty-five cents, all that remained after she had made the purchase of some clothes to take along to her friend's home. But her heart quaked a little when she found there were no prices marked beside the delectables offered; she knew these exclusive tea shops were expensive, but hardly expected the check to be as much as six dollars, so she went ahead ordering with a nonchalant air.

If only those patrons of hers could be made to understand that a poor artist must eat from day to day, perhaps they would not allow their accounts to run for six months or more. But never having been pinched for money themselves, they knew not what it meant to allot just so many cents to each day, and then wonder what

was to be done when the last one was spent. Thelma never stopped to reflect, however, that were she more prudent with the money that did come in, she might be spared a great deal of pinching and scraping later on.

While they were eating, someone came from behind and touched Lucilla's shoulder.

"Well, what are you doing here while Ted's up at the Lodge?" Lucilla, feeling the color mount to her cheeks, looked around to find Mrs. Jack Brent smiling quizzically into her eyes.

"Oh! Why—I was there until a week ago. But I hankered for home, and Ted was so infatuated with the place that I left him there and came on down alone. Here; sit down with us. Won't you have something?"

"Not a thing! Thank you very much; I just had tea with my friends. We had been to see 'Butterfly Wings.' It was a gorgeous picture. I haven't much time; must catch the 5:40 home. The babies will think I'm never coming. So we're both widows. Did you know that my husband joined Ted up at Primrose Peak?"

"No; I suppose he got lonely. Oh, pardon me; I must introduce my friend, Miss Martens—Mrs. Brent. I'd just been down to Poleau's for my fittings."

"Is that right? I've not even looked at any fall clothes yet. Say, why not come out to Rosedale some day this week—you and your friend, as long as Ted is gone?"

"I'll be glad to—not this week though; you see, we've been having painters and decorators—house cleaning, you know, and I must be there to see that everything is right."

"Then next week some day—I'll ring you up and you can let me know what day."

In another moment Mrs. Brent was gone, she and her friends leaving in a laughing, chattering, noisy group. Lucilla finished her ice in silence, feeling strangely hurt because Ted had sent for Jack Brent to keep him company. Was it possible she was jealous of a man? She laughed at the idea, and yet she knew it was so. So far Ted had never shown the need of anyone but herself, and it piqued her to find him seeking someone else for company now. That she had brought the situation on herself did not ease her mind a bit; in fact, it made her intensely miserable.

When they were finished, Thelma took the check from the waitress, and when they entered Lucilla's coupe to go home, she had exactly fifteen cents left in her purse with which to carry on.

## CHAPTER IX

POOR FREDDIE EVERS!

LUCILLA was silent and thoughtful during the ride home, hardly paying any attention to Thelma's light chatter, answering only now and then a phrase or two, more often replying in monosyllables. Mrs. Brent's news had pulled her up abruptly, and set her to thinking soberly. What did it mean, she asked herself, when a man seeks another of his own sex to fill in the void made by a temperamental wife? Nothing serious, perhaps, but a break, nevertheless, in their former intimate life. Would he always seek other companions now, she wondered. But she realized there was the rub—she herself had created the situation—had caused him to tire of her pettishness, and seek someone more stable and less fickle for a companion. Her conscience smote her most uncomfortably, and she writhed impatiently under the lash. She hated being reproached by her conscience, and began to tuck about for some argument in self-defense. To begin with, she told herself, she could not help being temperamental—all gifted people were—to herself she did not mind admitting that she was *just a little* gifted. At least, she had always felt herself as being different from others; she hated the common rut, and sought out unfrequented byways and untrodden trails, in her quest for originality. Her companions had formerly dubbed her "cranky" and "crochety," and the literary Muse had pursued her all through life, compelling her, willy-nilly, to write and write, on and on, whatever she was bidden. That proved that she was different from others, didn't it?

Of course, sober Conscience told her, one was not to give in to temperamentalism, even though one *was* gifted; well, she *had* honestly tried to overcome the beastly thing, had tried not to seem singular, different from others, but it was of no use. It was in the grain, and stronger than herself. She tried to hold this argument up in self-defense, but it proved nothing, and did not help matters. So she tried another. Married three years, and still tagging around together like a couple of inseparable newly weds! It was ridiculous! No one in their set did it; in fact, husbands and wives were seldom found together at any affair, but up to now she had never thought of herself and Ted as being singular in this respect. True, she remembered some laughing jibes of Ted's friends and her own, to which she had not paid much attention then, but which she fully comprehended now. Their friends had really considered them a phenomenon for being so inseparable!

Well, it was time to be sensible, she told herself. They would be a phenomenon no longer. This thing of Ted wanting to be everywhere she was had long ago become irksome, especially where her writing was concerned. Was not that why she rented her studio, so as to be away and alone with her absorbing Muse? Why, then, should she be disturbed if Ted called upon a male friend to bear him company in her absence? It was a very good argument, a fine argument, to her mind, and she felt she had laid that troublesome ghost

of Conscience—for a time at least. Of course! She laughed and leaned back against the cushions, as she waited for a traffic signal to change, with relief, for she told herself she had found the right view of things at last. She had been handling Ted wrong all the time; she must encourage him to seek other companionship, for this would leave her more independent. At this point in her deliberations she started the car forward again, and she realized that Thelma was looking at her in surprise.

"What are you laughing about all to yourself? Do you realize I asked you a question twice, and can't get a penny's worth of attention?"

"Oh—I beg your pardon—I—"

"Where have you been? In the clouds? The whole way I've been hardly able to get a word out of you."

"I know," replied Lucilla humbly. "You must excuse me; I have a beastly fit of the blues. In fact, I've been having them all week; that's why I sent for you."

"You poor child! Why didn't you tell me? I would have tried to remember all the old chestnuts I've ever heard and crack them for you." Shrewd Thelma divined the cause, but wisely said nothing about it. For all Lucilla's arguments and viewpoints, trumped up to ease her troubled mind, her heart ached sorely, and she could hardly conceal from herself that they were all camouflage. Oh what would she not have given, in her secret soul, to be back up on Primrose Peak, ready and willing to remain with her man as long as he liked!

They reached home, had dinner, dressed and went off to the opera again. Lucilla was glad to be obliged to entertain her friend, for it kept her mind busy and off her troubles. When they returned, it was nearly midnight, and they sat up in Lucilla's room for a time, munching cookies and drinking hot chocolate, which Lucilla had made herself, having considerably sent the maid back to bed, while she was pottering about the kitchen. Thelma had thrown off her opera clothes, and just as Lucilla came down the hall with the tray, she came out of her room, attired in a magnificent turquoise silk negligee, embroidered in golden dragons, Japanese style.

"You paid a pretty penny for that robe, I'm thinking?" said Lucilla, setting the tray down on a low table.

"Forty dollars," coolly replied Thelma, preparing to light her eternal cigarette, and dropping the burnt match into the fernery at her elbow. Lucilla took silent note of the action, but pretended to ignore it.

"Thelma Martens! Forty dollars for a negligee and seven ninety-eight for an ensemble suit?" And she shook her head in bewilderment, while Thelma laughed languidly.

"Of course! You don't find ensembles in turquoise or peach or cerise, and I just indulged my love of color. Besides, I bought the negligee first, and seven ninety-eight was all I had left to spend for a suit afterwards. I'd been admiring the thing for two weeks at Jacquard's—used to pass through every day just to look

at it. Then when you invited me here, I just closed my eyes and took the plunge."

"Just like reckless Thelma," replied Lucilla, handing her friend a cup and proffering a plate of cakes.

"Still blue?" asked the former, attacking the cakes with a will. Lucilla nodded.

"Still on the rack, and there's only one cure for it." "Send a telegram at once. Very easy."

"Oh no; I don't mean that. I'd never be the one to send it."

"Go on a spree then."

"Too bad; intoxicants give me a headache." Suddenly, Thelma thought of something and leaned eagerly forward.

"Saaaay! You know what we ought to do? Throw a little party here. What do you say? Make it tomorrow night—we'll get Larry and Freddie—they're good scouts—"

"No, we won't get Larry and Freddie, please ma'am. If I need a spree, I'll sit up all night working on my manuscript. I'll have to make up for lost time anyway. Oh, if I could only get away from here and get the feel of my typewriter once again—!" And she drew her breath in sharply and clasped her hands together. Thelma looked at her reproachfully.

"Ah, I thought you were a good sport."

"I am. I can fight my blue devils with a clear head; only cowards try to drown them."

"Well, anyway, that's just like the little brick you are. I wish I could say as much for myself."

"To tell the truth, I've always thought of you as a little bit of a brick yourself. Fighting the world for a living is no joke nowadays." Thelma laughed whimsically. "Brick, eh? Brick-top you mean—and all that goes with it. It's what the kids used to call me back home." Lucilla stifled a yawn, and Thelma, noting it, rose.

"You're tired, and I'm a wretch to stay here talking to you when you need the sleep. I'm used to it; seldom get to bed before one or two."

"If you do, then you're wonderfully quiet about it. I never hear you." They were walking down the hall toward Thelma's room.

"Oh, painting doesn't make much noise, you know."

"Well, good night; let me know if you need anything."

The next two or three days were spent by Lucilla in discharging grave little housewifely duties, receiving callers, giving orders to workmen and seeing after a thousand and one little details, while Thelma wandered at will about the house, read, smoked, and littered up the house with her discarded cigarette stubs, much to the maid's unqualified indignation.

"If she doesn't stop it, I'm going to put up a sign, 'Please use ash tray'" she angrily told Annie, while Lucilla only smiled indulgently, quietly picked them up and threw them away whenever she came across any, fondly calling Thelma "thoughtless child."

One day toward the end of the week, Howard summoned Thelma to the telephone.

"Hello?" she said, and then, as the other voice came

over the wire, she muttered something under her breath. "Land sakes, is it you again? Can't I shake you for a few days even?" she complained irritably.

"I hear you are living on Park Drive this week, and—" replied the patient voice.

"Well, what's it to you?"

"It's a great deal, lady fair. Thel, I'm horribly lonesome."

"What's that to me?"

"Ah—couldn't I—call at the Park Drive address and see you?"

"You most certainly could not! Think Cil wants a long-haired bird like you around here? Why, the maids would all be frightened and run away!" Lucilla, coming into the room, surmised at once who it was.

"What is it, Thel?"

"Oh, it's that Freddie insect. Had the nerve to ask if he couldn't come down here to see me! Imagine!"

"Why, let him come, Thel, by all means. You shouldn't be so harsh to the poor fellow."

"I will not. Here, you invite him if you wish. You're hostess." Lucilla took the wire.

"Hello, Mr. Evers. Come any time you've a mind to. You are perfectly welcome."

"Oh—thank you so much, Mrs. Rawn," came the grateful voice. "I'll certainly take advantage of your kind invitation."

"For Heaven's sake!" cried Thelma after Lucilla had hung up, "why didn't you set a time for him? He's liable to come down at once, the crazy thing! Ugh! How I hate that fellow!"

"Now, have a heart, Thel. He has feelings too, you know."

"I know, but he has no sense. He'd as lief come for breakfast as at midnight. He's nothing but a—a sap-head!" Lucilla laughed merrily at her friend's outbursts.

"How dreadful to be in love with a cold-hearted person like you!"

"Yes, when the lover isn't acceptable."

"Listen, Thel, I've been planning to have a few friends down on Saturday night to meet you. The house will be all completed by that time. Mr. Evers could come too, and a few of our Carroll Street friends. The élite will enjoy meeting them. They dote on artists, you know."

"And Larry too?"

"Well, perhaps, I'm not sure yet. But I was thinking of Maria Varanova, to give us a little Russian spice."

"Oh, her? She would certainly come in one of her eternal middies; you know, she refuses to wear anything else, even at the most high-class affairs."

"Well," laughed Lucilla, "what of it? That would serve to amuse the guests."

"And you'll invite Larry?" Lucilla placed her hands on her hips and compressed her lips into a straight line.

"I say, are you in Larry's pay, or something? Whenever you get a chance to root for him, you do it. Or perhaps it is him you love?"

"Horrors, no! I'm just his friend, nothing more, and I know how much he likes you, therefore I speak up for

my friend. Besides, you were at *his* party, you know. It would be no more than right to return the compliment."

"Well," concluded Lucilla, demurely, "I'll think about it." Suddenly Thelma laughed.

"What's the joke?"

"Oh, I was just thinking," she chuckled. "Poor Larry's in the same boat that Freddie is!" Then she suddenly put her hand to her lips, sorry she had spoken, lest Lucilla exclude Larry from her party. But Lucilla pretended she did not understand, and went upstairs to dress, for she had some social calls to make. Thelma decided to go to her room and take a nap.

About five o'clock the doorbell rang, and the maid ushered in Freddie Evers. Lucilla had not yet returned, and Howard told him that Thelma was still asleep, but he assured her that he was expected. So she went up and discreetly rapped on Thelma's door.

"Who is it?" asked a sleepy voice with asperity.

"Gentleman downstairs to see you, Miss." Thelma knew who it was.

"Tell him to wait."

"Very well, Miss."

Howard went down to deliver Thelma's message, but Thelma—turned on her other side with a sigh, and was soon deep in dreamland again. Meanwhile Freddie waited, patiently enough at first, walking about the room and examining with deep interest the excellent copies of the old masters that hung there, together with some later originals. All was quiet; only the distant clink of dishes back in the kitchen told that a meal was in course of preparation. Freddie rubbed his hands in hopeful anticipation, hoping he would be invited to remain, for, though he was able to pay for a good meal now, still, he would rather eat with congenial companions in a beautiful home than alone in a restaurant.

A half hour passed—he looked at his wrist watch, looked about uneasily, fidgeted, examined some bric-a-brac, and then sat down again, to study absently the straight lines in the border of the thick, two-tone grey rug. The hands of the clock crawled slowly but steadily toward six, and he tried not to watch them, until he heard the whistles of the city blowing, and the bells ringing out the Angelus.

Still, no Thelma. Freddie went into the hall and looked about; not a soul in sight. Not a sound outside of the slow, measured ticking of the grandfather clock; sometimes, distant voices, or sounds from the street; a forlorn loneliness, and a feeling that he was not wanted. With the hot blood rising to his face, he suddenly seized his hat, intending to go, when the chug of a motor was heard in the drive outside. The maid appeared out of nowhere, and calmly opened the door for her mistress.

"Why, Mr. Evers! Going already? Where's Thelma? Do stay to dinner."

"I—I haven't seen her at all, Mrs. Rawn. Been waiting since five o'clock." Lucilla looked inquiringly at Howard, who replied:

"Miss Thelma said for the gentleman to wait. She

had been taking a nap. I was busy in the kitchen, and supposed she came down long ago."

"I see," replied Lucilla, puzzled. "Don't go, Mr. Evers; you'll stay to dinner, won't you? I'll go up and see what is keeping her."

(To be Continued)

## What do We do with Our Leisure?

A noted writer asks the question: "Leisure—for what?" We have worked and toiled and fought our way up from early pioneer days, leveling virgin forests and keeping at the job until a forest of smokestacks rose in their place, laboring with primitive tools at first, and throwing those aside as soon as better ones were invented, all the way up through the years until the glorious present, when work has become so standardized by machinery that there is a great deal more leisure than our mothers and grandmothers did, because of all the labor-saving devices in the home. Many women, deprived of the salutary exercise needed for the operation of primitive tools, such as the broom, the washboard and the scrubbing brush, have grown fat and unwieldy and unhealthy, because of the leisure that has come to them. They sit too much and eat too much, and eat the wrong things. The muscles of the body that had been brought into healthy play by the use of the old-time primitive tools, have gathered to themselves cushions of fat, until exertion of any kind becomes distasteful.

Sitting all afternoon at bridges and teas, eating fat-gathering foods, and doing as little work as necessary to keep the house going, these women indulge in the pleasures of leisure time until suddenly they are brought to a sudden halt by the whirling hand on the dial of the scale which stops at an appalling figure. They cannot walk fast, strange pains make their appearance, their breath becomes short upon the least exertion, and, in general, they do not feel well at all. Then, the inevitable—dieting, reducing, which in itself is a dangerous proceeding, doctors tell us. Adage: "The rolling stone gathers no moss." Moral: "The active body gathers no fat." Walk much; don't ride all the time; some people take their motor or a street car for just a few blocks. And a morning of good, active housework will do much to offset an afternoon of much sitting.

## Keeping Cut Flowers

Often one receives flowers as a gift, and they are so beautiful, we like to keep them as long as possible. In order to do this, we must know something about them. The difference between various flowers is their capacity to absorb water; those with a hollow or fleshy stalk absorb water more readily than those of woody texture. Consequently, the former will last longer, unless certain measures are taken to preserve the latter. Carnations will wilt quickly if placed in too warm a room; if they begin to "close up," plunge the flowers almost up to the head in fresh cold water, and place in a dark cool corner for several hours. Green-



house flowers have the reputation of being more fragrant than those grown outdoors. This is because greenhouse flowers are shaded from the sun by limed glass, while the hot sun outside draws out and disperses the fragrant oils in the flower.

All flowers cut in one's own garden should be gathered in the morning and then immersed in deep water almost up to the heads for several hours before placing in vases. When this is done, they will absorb enough water to hold them for several days. If chrysanthemums show a tendency to wilt soon after being placed in a room, they should also be given this immersion treatment for several hours in a cool, dark place. Change the water for cut flowers every day, clipping the stems each time, and removing all soggy foliage. Woody stalks will absorb moisture more quickly if slit with a knife for an inch at the ends. Each evening they should be placed in deep water in the refrigerator or in a cool spot. In the morning they will have renewed freshness. Sometimes plunging the stems of wilting flowers into hot water and then into cold will give astonishing results. Sometimes a few drops of camphor or a little salt in the water will help. Dahlias and poinsettias should have the stems dipped in hot paraffin just after cutting, and they will then keep a long time. To send a friend a rose from a wedding bouquet, dip the flower in warm—not hot, paraffin, just liquid enough to adhere to the blossom; move around and shake off. It will keep a long time.

### Household Hints

Tea and fruit stains may be removed by soaking in glycerine.

If ink spots are old, wet with milk and sprinkle with salt; repeat until spots are removed, rubbing between each soaking.

Keep house plants out of the kitchen, if gas is used for cooking. This prevents them from growing and makes them look sickly.

If the linoleum has had too many corners cut into it at the old flat to fit neatly on the floor of the new home, cut it square, making a rug out of it, especially if the kitchen has a hardwood floor. Then purchase a can of good black enamel and make a careful, three-inch border round edge of rug. This will look very neat and save buying a new one.

It is not a bad idea to save the rollers, bolts, and nuts from the kiddies' old roller skates; then when there is an accident to the new ones, you have a part to replace the lost or broken one, which will save a lot of tears and nerves for both mother and kiddie.

### Recipes

**VEAL POT ROAST:** Melt butter in iron or aluminum pot and sear veal on all sides until brown. Rump of veal is nice for this dish. When nearly finished, cut up onion and place around the veal, turning fire lower, and allowing it to brown slowly. Then add three cups hot water, salt, pepper, a teaspoon of vinegar and 1 teaspoon of sugar. (Sugar improves the flavor of meat

wonderfully.) Cook for 1½ hours. Then add six carrots, two stalks of celery, and a little grated parsley root. Cook all until tender.

**APPLE SAUCE AND NUT PIE:** Line a deep pie plate with rich crust. Make a good rich apple sauce with plenty of sugar and cinnamon, and with the potato masher mash out all lumps, until sauce is smooth and light. Then beat 1 egg with 1 tablespoon flour and beat well into apple sauce. Lastly, add ½ cup cut-up almond or pecan nut meats and mix well. Pour into crust and cover with top crust. This is delicious served topped with ice cream.

### Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 561)

love music and learn eagerly. It helps to drive away the gloom of the long and lonesome evenings on the prairie.

"Ten more children have been enrolled in the school and there are rumors of twelve or fourteen more still to come. What will we do with them all? But we cannot refuse them admittance, and surely a kind Providence will find some way to help us in this work. Sometime during the next three years we hope to build another dormitory. But for the present we must first reduce our debts."

### Silver Foil

More silver and tin foil keeps coming in all the time, which shows that our kind readers are genuinely interested in the mission. The following have sent in boxes: K. Engels, Chicago, Ill.; T. Devlin, Braddock, Pa.; Mrs. Anna Schonhofen, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. A. Eisman, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. H. F. Hillenmeyer, Lexington, Ky.; and Mrs. A. C. Bannon, Struthers, Ohio. May God bless them for the trouble they took in packing the boxes.

One lady writes that she sent Father Ambrose a large box of clothing, containing 52 pairs of stockings and socks, 20 pairs of shoes, and many sweaters, coats, and other garments. What a godsend that box must have been to the many sufferers from the cold and snow up at Seven Dolers! There is always a dearth of shoes among the Indians; let us save all shoes that are not worn through, though discarded, and send them to our missions. The addresses are at the top of the mission page. Take turns sending each of the three missions the clothing and shoes you save up. Slip in a few tablets and pencils for the school kiddies too, and any old school or storybooks you may not need, that are lying useless about the house. Also send in old rosaries and prayer books.

### Indian Quilt Tops

Don't forget about our nice handmade quilt tops, made by the Indian women, and priced very moderately, considering the work that is on them, and the price one would have to pay for the same article in the stores. Cotton ones, \$5.00; all silk ones, \$8.00; a silk and velvet patch cushion top, \$1.00; one finished quilt in neat star design, cotton-filled and neatly backed, \$10.00. Let us help the poor Indian women to make a living! Write CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

Without a needle or bit of thread,  
In spring the farmers sow  
How do the seeds stay in the earth  
Is what I'd like to know!—Ex.



## Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.



*Dr. H.*—"Where is Mr. Rackham to-day? He has been a very faithful, if not a docile, pupil."

*Mrs. Garry*—"He went over to see Jim Duffy that's just back from the cancer cure man in Montana. He'll be here in a little while."

*Dr. H.*—"Well, we will go on with the lesson. We were considering cancer of the lip. That is the common site for cancer about the face, but it may also appear on the nose, cheek, about the eyes, any part of the face. Its first appearance is a dry scab, not at all different from other lesions of that kind only with this, that separates it from all others, it will not heal. The history is always the same. If allowed to run its course, it is fatal. Rubbing off the scab, applying alum, iodine, camphor, only aggravates the condition."

"The treatment is the same in all cases. Go to the doctor, and follow his advice. You need not go to a number of doctors. Select carefully the one that you consult. Be sure that he is a regular doctor and not a pretence. Follow his advice, even it does not please you, for you can be quite sure he knows more about the matter than you do. If there is no doctor in your vicinity that you wish to trust, go to a good hospital. Do not waver or turn to the neighbors for advice, and you will end up with having wasted valuable time, and you will not be any nearer the right thing."

"The doctor may advise cutting out the growth or destroying it by radium, or the X-ray, according to its nature and location, and how much it has spread. A cancer that could be treated with radium, if taken early, may be left until nothing promises cure but the surgeon's knife. Your whole safety depends on early attention to the case. Any treatment that falls short of removing **ALL THE CANCEROUS TISSUE** only aggravates the disease and promotes the growth."

"Now we will speak of cancer of the breast. If women could be made to realize that any lump or nodule discovered in the breast, whether painful or not, should be shown to a doctor, we should have fewer tragedies from this disease. The removal of this lump or nodule, if there is any suspicion that it is cancer, is the most important thing in her life at that time. It will not do to wait until you are sure it is cancer. By the time you are sure it is cancer, the undertaker will be sure of a job. The cells from a cancer of the breast are very readily carried to the chain of glands that extend through the armpit and down the inside of the arm. The surgeon is not only obliged to remove the breast but to dissect out that whole chain of glands. If even one infected gland is left, all his efforts will be useless, and the cancer will continue to grow and spread from that gland."

"I could go on and tell you a great deal about cancer of the breast, and the difference between innocent growths, but there is only one thought I want to get across to you and that is: If you find a lump in your

breast, do not lose any time in consulting a doctor about it. It is always wise to select for the doctor you consult the one that you would choose to remove it, if it proved to be cancerous, for there is this danger in going round to a number of doctors: While they all may have the same point of view, they may use such a different manner of speech in expressing it that you think they have an altogether different idea about your trouble, and you end by being confused and distrustful of them all. You will end by putting yourself in the hands of the doctor who is the more fluent speaker, and the fluent speakers are not always the more skilful doctors."

"Never forget this word: **THE EARLIER A CANCER IS OPERATED ON, THE MORE CHANCE THERE IS FOR RECOVERY.**

**"THE MORE SKILFUL THE DOCTOR, THE LESS PAIN AND SHOCK AND DISTRESS FOR YOU. THE MORE SKILFUL THE DOCTOR, THE MORE HOPE OF A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION."**

"Avoid all irregular schools of medicine and all fakers and all patent medicines and all cancer cures as you would avoid death itself."

### QUESTION BOX

We will continue the subject of scalds and burns to-day. Last month we were concerned with the nature of accidents, how to avoid them, and the methods for extinguishing fires in the clothing.

For the treatment of burns, until the doctor comes, or if the burn is slight and you are not calling the doctor: I will not give you a number of remedies to select from, for that might confuse you, but from a number of good remedies I will select the best—

**TANNIC ACID.**—You can buy it in any drug store for a few cents an ounce. It is a tan-colored light powder, which will keep indefinitely in your medicine chest.

A heaping tablespoonful dissolved in a cup of warm water is the preparation to use. Sop it on the part with cotton or a piece of old linen. Its action is to tan the part. It is the same thing that the tanners use to tan leather. It allays the pain and prevents the absorption of the poisons developed in burned or scalded flesh from being absorbed into the system. It is these poisons that destroy life more often than the burn itself.

Let this then be your stand-by, for it is the best. I will not tell you of others, but I will ask you to go to the drug store to-morrow and buy a few ounces of tannic acid and keep it in your first-aid box.

When night has curtained day in darkness deep,  
And earth is hushed in quiet, soothing sleep,  
Love carries me before the altar light  
To whisper to Love's Prisoner, "Good night."—Ex.



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